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LILY AND DIAMOND.

A SUMMER hotel stands on the shore of a lake near a Western city. Originally a farm-house, it had grown as the city grew, pushing out wings and throwing out cottages, season after season, very much as the city

hotel like an overgrown farm-house; neither had any plan, and the inhabitants of both places enjoyed themselves in a multiform fashion. If freedom from rules was desired, "Surely in a country-town like Southport, or

owe it to ourselves to preserve all social requirements intact," they observed to each other, with dignified importance.

Families from Southport moved out to Shorelands early in the season, and remained



"Loose your hold, or I will strike."—Page 481.

pushed out its straggling streets and took in suburb after suburb with irregular haste, as though each time it was taken by surprise, and had no idea it would again be called upon to enlarge its boundaries. Thus the city looked like an overgrown village, and the

in an old farm-house like Shorelands, we can do as we please," they said; and, if others craved a close following of fashion and etiquette, "Surely in a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, or in a summer hotel containing more than a hundred people, we

until the September rains drove them away; husbands and fathers came in and out on the railroad-trains morning and night; wives and mothers remained there the season through; brothers and cousins visited the place occasionally; and sisters and daughters sat under

the trees talking the idle talk of midsummer, and furtively watching the road.

"A genial, good-hearted man, a man whose nature is like the winter-apple mellowed by the slow ripening of a long season, and far richer in its mature perfection than the half-developed summer fruit or the crude vintage of early fall," observed Eleanor Rarne one midsummer morning.

"Yes," said Dakota Weston, "Mr. Coast's nature is like an antique painting, as different from the raw attempts of amateurs or the unformed pencillings of beginners as he himself is different from the ordinary race of men and boys one meets at such a place as Shorelands."

"I must not be left behind if comparisons are the order of the day," said little Mrs. Starr, looking up from a doll's dress she was making for the young Starrs. "Let me see, Mr. Coast's nature is like a well-baked mince-pie. What richness! What mature crispness! Who cares for the raw, green-apple turn-overs of July? Who hankers after the underdone pumpkin-pies of November? No! give me the winter-mince, baked through and through. Give me Webster Coast, aged fifty-eight, and let any man under those figures order his tombstone immediately."

"How absurd, Janet!" said Eleanor Rarne—"I am surprised at your laughing, Kota. Ridicule is a petty weapon, and the greatest men are ever assailed by it, since their very elevation above the crowd makes them an easy target for the buzzing arrows. For my part, I have a sincere admiration for Mr. Coast. Look at his generosity. Recall the sums he has given to the poor."

"He had them to give," replied Mrs. Starr; "he counts his dollars by hundreds of thousands."

"So much the more honor for him that they do not smother his kindly feelings, as is so often the case with rich men, Janet. And then, in addition to generosity, where can you find a more accomplished conversationalist?"

"He has never had any thing but the cream of life," said Mrs. Starr; "no wonder his words flow smoothly."

"I never liked skimmed milk," answered Eleanor, with a disdainful expression in her dark eyes; "but, even with your prejudices, Janet, you cannot deny that Webster Coast is a model of manly beauty."

"For that age, perhaps he is, Mrs. Rarne; but the appearance is so evidently the result of painstaking rules and a system of elaborate consideration for self that the effect is spoiled for me," replied the little wife, smiling to herself as she thought of her Adam, aged thirty-two, to whose good looks no aids were necessary.

"Think of his goodness, then," pursued Eleanor. "Where can you find a more beautiful little church than the one he built at Green Parl?"

"Building churches may be mere ostentation," suggested Mrs. Starr.

"Come, Janet, that is too severe," interposed Dakota Weston.

"Well, Kota, I do not mean to be severe," replied Mrs. Starr; "but I cannot understand why you two invariably spend so much time every day in praising Webster Coast. It is

impossible, you know, for him to marry both of you."

"How prosaic!" said Eleanor Rarne, with a curling lip. "Such a thought would never have entered my mind, Janet."

"But he can marry both of us if Fortune is favorable. One of us may die, and then, after the usual despair, he can take the other, you know," suggested Dakota Weston, with eyes dancing with merriment.

"Prosaic I may be, Eleanor," said little Mrs. Starr, collecting her spoons; "but I have always noticed that there is no vista so long but that the feminine imagination can see a wedding at the end of it. And, as for you, Kota, your heartless speech is, I hope, due to your ignorance of the subject. A widower's grief is a sacred grief. It brings the tears to my eyes to think of my poor Adam's loneliness if I should be taken from him."

So saying, Janet Starr called her brood together, and went back to the house.

"Soft-hearted little thing!" said Eleanor Rarne, with a low, musical laugh.

"Yes, but Adam Starr seems very fond of her, and what she says is true, I presume," answered Dakota, thoughtfully.

"Of course Adam Starr is fond of her. But who is Adam Starr? A nobody, as you know very well, Kota dear. Webster Coast is a man quite beyond the ken of such a woman as Janet Starr. He, too, is kind, but his kindness has a very different flavor from the mere good-nature of Adam Starr. It is the part of jealousy and hypocrisy to decry wealth. I am no hypocrite, however, and I am frank enough to acknowledge its fascinations. O Kota! what is there in this life equal to it? Wealth, when united to a cultivated taste, and a mind with the capacity to enjoy life in its most refined aspect, gives us the perfection of existence. Think of winters spent floating down tropical rivers, with perfumes from gorgeous flowers rising in the air, and ruins old as the gods of Olympus shining white through the moonlight on shore! Think of summers in the far North by the side of mountain-brooks whose sources are among the glaciers! Think of the pictures and the music, the velvet and the diamonds, the ease of a superb city home and the delicious luxury of a life whose course rolls over gold!"

Eleanor Rarne was leaning back against a mossy bank, and speaking as if in a half-dream, but from under her drooping lashes she cast a searching glance toward her companion, who reclined opposite under a beech-tree, with her head supported by her clasped hands.

Dakota Weston had the vivid beauty of June—a blonde; but not the faintly-colored blonde who fades away into a dull pallor—a blonde; but not the tall, angular blonde who grows into a tan-colored giraffe. Dakota's eyes were blue as the deep June sky, her cheeks and lips red as the sweet June roses, and her hair yellow as the vivid gold of the June sunshine. No mere prettiness was there about her, for her features were nobly cut, her form nobly moulded, and, young as she was, there was yet a look in her deep eyes that told of the soul within. Oh, fair blossom of the June! Words cannot describe your rich

beauty; but, since words are all we have, we must take them, poor as they are, to give expression to the loving admiration we feel for you.

Lying there under the tree, the young girl listened to Eleanor's rhapsody, and the quick-coming blood suffused her cheeks as her mind followed the panorama of luxurious delights unfolded by the art of the elder woman.

"I like it all, Eleanor," she said, after a pause; "more than that, I love it. I do not know whether I ought to be ashamed or proud of the feeling which makes the surroundings of poverty so odious to me. A barren life, cramped tastes, stifled longings, and bitter disappointments, belong to poverty, and all these things seem unnatural to me."

"They are doubly unnatural to you, Kota, because your nature requires luxury, as a flower requires sunshine. Even if I did not love you, I should dread to see your youth dwarfed by privation, and your bloom nipped by the cold hand of Care."

Dakota made no reply, her eyes closed, and she seemed lost in reverie.

"There are so many prosaic details in the life of a poor man's wife," continued Eleanor, in a musing tone. "Household labors are degrading to a delicate organization. Such a wife has no time for reading."

"I must have my reading," interrupted Dakota, still with closed eyes.

"No time for music."

"I will have my music."

"No luxuries for the table."

"Corned-beef I hate."

"Raw, ill-trained servants."

"And none at all on washing-days, with that odious smell of steam from the kitchen," added Dakota, shuddering.

"No dainty dresses," pursued Eleanor.

"Brown calico and a waterproof," said Dakota, with a groan.

"Truly, life would be hardly worth having at such a price," concluded Mrs. Rarne, with emphasis.

"Bargains on Time's cheap table, with Cupid thrown in to make weight," suggested Dakota, demurely.

Mrs. Rarne sat up and looked searchingly at her companion, but the young girl's eyes were still closed, and no smile lurked on her lips. She sank back again as she said, quietly: "But, Kota, it is all a mistake about Cupids being thrown into the bargains. He is far more likely to nestle among the silks and velvets. All other things being equal, a man loves his wife far better in fresh, lovely attire, than in faded, limp calico; and even Petrarch would not have long adored his Laura if he had seen her, day after day, washing dishes and mending his old coats."

"Oh, don't bring up those ghosts, Eleanor, I beg. For my part, I am like Mark Twain. My sympathies are for Mr. Laura; as Mark says, I don't know his other name. Did he ever get even one sonnet? Was he ever bedewed with even one tear? Not one, no, not one!"

Eleanor laughed her low, musical laugh, but there was a line between her dark eyebrows which deepened into a frown, and she turned her head away and looked out over the lake. In the distance a sailboat, putting

out from the city harbor, attracted her attention, and, quietly taking a strong opera-glass from her pocket, she scanned the schooner rapidly before the high shore, jutting out below, hid it from her sight. But the momentary view was enough, apparently, to give her a new impulse. The sail disappeared, nor would it become visible again from Shorelands grove until the last tack toward the little dock on the beach below; Mrs. Rarne had herself made the trip too many times in the same wind not to know the exact course which would be followed.

"Kota, dear," she said, after several minutes, as if rousing herself from a dreamy lethargy, "we are both of us half asleep. Come, I will arrange you luxuriously in the hammock, and fasten a parasol so as to shade your face before I go to my room for a *siesta*. You like open-air sleep, you vigorous child, but I must have more shade."

In truth, Dakota's physical nature was somewhat slumberous; she could fall asleep at any moment like a child, and awaken with like ease, for nervousness formed no part of her organization.

"Yes, the idea of the hammock is rather tempting," she answered, opening her eyes and lazily rising, by slow degrees, to her feet. In five minutes she was rocking in her nest under the beech-trees, and in ten she was fast asleep, with the sunshine flickering through the close-set leaves down upon her loosened golden hair.

Eleanor Rarne went to her room, and, after locking the door, she sat down before the mirror with the strong light full in her face, and looked at herself with scrutinizing care. She saw a woman whose youthful bloom was gone forever, and whose charm was owing to a determination to be charming. This inflexible determination goes a great way toward beauty, and, when combined with delicate tact and taste, it deceives all but the most critical eyes, and even triumphs at times over real beauty, when that beauty is simple, so strong is the perfection of art over the ignorance of simplicity. Eleanor Rarne's complexion was dark and colorless, her features irregular, and a set expression around her mouth betrayed the will which her low, modulated voice and studiously gentle manners strove to conceal. But large, dark eyes lighted up this face, and in their depths lay the magic of varied expression, now blazing anger, now dreamy softness, now shy timidity, and at rare intervals a quick upward glance, which revealed a world of love; at least, so thought he who caught it on the wing. Added to this powerful charm was the grace of her attire and attitude, and so alluring was its success that other women, beguiled by its apparent simplicity, followed in her track, and found themselves impaled on the rocks of ridiculous failure.

"If I should go to a ball dressed like a Quaker, with my hair in a plain Grecian knot, I should be a laughing-stock for the whole room," said young lady number one to young lady number two, the previous season; and yet Eleanor Rarne does it, and the gentlemen, young and old, rave about the simplicity of the antique."

"Don't try to do any thing of the kind,"

answered young lady number two. "Eleanor has a way of bewildering people so that they see and say just what she wishes. If she should go dressed as a Turkish pacha they would rave in the same way about the gorgeousness of her oriental opulence."

The subject of these comments sat long before the mirror, and the line between her eyebrows deepened as the pitiless morning-light betrayed the want of that delicate evanescent charm which belongs to youth, and to it alone. Then she sighed, and, burying her face in her hands, gave herself the luxury of gloom for a few moments. The most determined woman has her moments of uncertainty, the strongest woman has times of yearning for some support. Eleanor Rarne's heart was failing her for fear. "Oh, my rival, my rival," she thought, bitterly. "Can I ever win the battle against such fearful odds?" Long and earnest were her musings, and gradually her will woke up again and her hopes rose. "Why should I fear her, a mere child, shallow and ignorant of life? Pretty, I grant; but a painted image is pretty, too. Surely he looks beyond mere pink and white." So the dark-eyed widow rose, and began creating one of those personations which gave her a magical charm above simple-minded women who never thought of being other than they were, and knew nothing of magnetism, will-power, and all the kindred influences which a subtle intellect uses with so much skill. Another look in the glass as the dinner-bell rang, and Eleanor Rarne was satisfied.

"What a picture you are!" said Dakota Weston, as Mrs. Rarne sauntered into the dining-room after all the guests were seated, and took her seat by the young girl's side.

"There! That is what I mean!" whispered young lady number one to young lady number two. "If I should dress myself up in that way for dinner, I should be called a lunatic."

"And a lunatic you would be, my dear," replied young lady number two, helping herself to broiled chicken. "Try to be more philosophical, and prepare yourself to hear rhapsodies about the graceful Spanish style from every man and boy about the place."

"Why, there is John Vinton!" said little Mrs. Starr. "Dora, child, don't skin the butter of your bread in that way! I wonder how he got out here at this time of day."

"I cannot imagine," replied Eleanor, indolently fanning herself. "He looks sunburned, does he not, Kota? By-the-way, how well Mr. Coast looks in that cool linen."

"White linen suits are expensive, on account of the washing," commented practical Mrs. Starr.

"Happily, Mr. Coast is not hampered by such petty considerations," said Mrs. Rarne, loftily.

After dinner (a three-o'clock dinner, as was the custom at Shorelands), groups loitered on the piazzas, or sauntered toward the grove.

"How did you get out here, Mr. Vinton?" asked Mrs. Starr; "you must have flown."

"Over the water, with snowy wings, Mrs. Starr. Westlake, who lives beyond here, was

coming down with his schooner, and offered to take me as passenger."

"I hope you will stay a few days this time; Adam says you work too hard," continued the little wife.

"A poor man must work, you know," replied John Vinton, carelessly.

"I hate poverty," said Dakota, abruptly.

"Oh, Kota, it is you young girls who are the most pitiless realists, after all. You have no conception of heart-depths, because your hearts have not themselves been touched," said Eleanor, with a look of dreamy retrospect in her dark eyes.

Dakota's cheeks flushed. The dinner-bell had roused her from her sleep, and she had come to the dining-room just as she was in her plain morning-dress, with hair somewhat disordered, and eyes only half awake; she looked not unlike the picture Eleanor's words had called up, a school-girl ignorant of life, and untouched by any deep feeling.

"Let us go to the Nook," suggested Mr. Coast, joining the group. "I have some new books from New York, and it will be more pleasant there than it was last week, for I sent my gardener to refurbish it, and put up some rustic seats."

"Perhaps you will wish to make some changes in your dress, Kota, dear," suggested Mrs. Rarne, in an audible whisper.

"Not I," answered Dakota, aloud. "What do I care how I look!" and, tossing back her hair, she started down the path.

"Foolish child!" thought Eleanor, in secret triumph; "she never appeared to worse advantage. It is not often that I can overshadow her young beauty, but to-day the chances are all on my side. I feel as though I should win the game;" and, thinking these thoughts, she smiled upon Mr. Coast as he opened her parasol, while John Vinton sauntered along by her side. Kota went on alone in front.

The Nook was a natural arbor formed, half-way down the lake bank, by wild grape-vines turning around the water-maples. Eleanor took her seat in a shady corner; her shapely feet in dainty black-satin boots were just visible from under her black draperies, while above was a mist of black lace with the flash of diamonds and the glow of a crimson silk vest outlining her graceful form. Mr. Coast deliberately scanned this tableau; a man of the world, rich and fastidious, he admired beauty, and that intangible charm called "style," wherever he found them, and there was a singular fascination about Eleanor that afternoon which made her seem like a new creature. "Many-sided and dramatic," he thought; "but how enticing she looks to-day! I do believe I am more than half in love with her, after all."—"I have him in my power, I see," thought Mrs. Rarne, divining, without looking, the language of Webster Coast's face. "Oh, if I could but take his fortune and throw it at John Vinton's feet! I am tempted to throw myself there, Heaven knows! This day cannot, and shall not, end as the others have. I know I shall betray myself! If it were not for that girl—but, after all, why should I fear her? My sharpest observation has not been able to detect any signs of interest on John's side. And, as for her, I can fling her over to Webster Coast,

when I am sure of my own success." In the mean while Dakota was thinking, "I don't care at all how I look! He shall see how I hate him. Flinging his poverty up in my face again! I am tired of hearing about it, and consider it positive ostentation. He always treats me as though I were given up to mercenary ideas, and I suspect he thinks I am trying to capture that odious old Webster Coast! Well, I shall take this afternoon to show him how I despise him; I shall take up the millionaire just to see how enraged he will be, and then to-morrow I will make Aunt Martha take me East, away from the whole set. But I cannot quite make out Eleanor this afternoon; I have always thought she liked Mr. Coast, and I was going to let her have him after a while. But her eyes look different to-day—can it be that she is thinking of John?" and Dakota looked gloomily at her dearest friend as this new suspicion flashed up into her mind.

During these soliloquies, John Vinton also had his, after this fashion: "They are both interested in Coast, of course. Well, it's all one to me! Luckily I don't care for either of them." But, in this, John Vinton told a lie to his own heart, and he knew it, too.

In the mean time, while these thoughts were circulating inwardly, the following words were circulating outwardly.

Eleanor: "It is a lovely afternoon."

Mr. Coast: "The afternoon is the best part of the day."

John Vinton: "Yes; I think so too."

Dakota: "It is a lovely day."

Thus do words skate over the dangerous edge of things; thus do they tide over the rocks which menace below. Blessed be words; how well they serve to hide our thoughts!

Mr. Coast read a poem, John Vinton read a story, and there was the usual inconsequent talk of lazy summer hours; but gradually a deeper current came to the surface.

"The island looks like dream-land with those purple shadows resting on it," said John Vinton, looking off over the lake.

"There are water-lilies in a little pond there," said Eleanor. "I love water-lilies; they are rich, royal flowers, so different from puny violets."

"You are not unlike a water-lily yourself," said John Vinton, looking at the regal picture before him with cool deliberation.

Mrs. Rarne colored, the deep red flushing her very forehead. Dakota saw the blush, looked at her friend a moment, and then, taking off her straw-hat, she threw it on the ground; she had wilfully seated herself in the full glare of the afternoon sun, and now its blaze lit up her falling hair and brought out all the vivid colors of her face, and the ordeal only rendered more striking the perfection of her youthful bloom. "I must have a water-lily this very night," she said suddenly. "Mr. Coast, shall we go and get one?"

"On the whole, she is the handsomest," thought Webster Coast, transferring his admiration with ready facility from meridian to dawn; "she is like an opening rose."

A pang shot through Eleanor Rarne's heart. "You will burn your face scarlet, dearest," she said, taking up the discarded

hat and placing it on her friend's head. But Kota threw it off again. "The lily, the lily!" she repeated gayly; "how shall we get it, Mr. Coast? I must have it before midnight." "I accept the quest," answered the old bachelor gallantly, "and I put up my ring as a gage."

"Oh, the perfect gem, the deep-bright, peerless beauty!" cried Dakota, looking at the superb solitaire, and making it gleam in the sunshine. John Vinton watched this scene with contemptuous eyes; it is well known that a poor man feels a lofty scorn for diamonds.

Eleanor changed her position. "Do you not intend to take part in this lily-and-diamond tournament, Mr. Vinton?" she said, with an upward glance into his face as he stood leaning against a tree near her.

"I have never been governed by whims," replied the young man, with inward wrath.

"There you show ignorance, friend John," said Webster Coast; "a woman's whims are her greatest charms."

"To you, perhaps; not to me," said John, stiffly. Eleanor's eyes sparkled. "The trumpets are sounding," she said gayly. "How will you gain the lily, Mr. Coast? Shall you summon the mermen to bear you over the water?"

"I shall drive in to town and go out in my steam-yacht," replied the millionaire; "I will take you all with me, if you like."

"Charming!" exclaimed Dakota. "You have so many resources at command, Mr. Coast! There is nothing so delightful as wealth, after all."

A woman's cruelty is pitiless. But she generally wounds herself as well as her victim; the weapon cuts both ways, and cuts the deepest where the flesh is softest.

John Vinton felt the thrust. "You must excuse me, Mr. Coast," he said, coldly; "I shall not be able to join your delightful excursion."

"Mrs. Starr would like the ride so much," interposed Eleanor. "Poor little woman, she has but few opportunities of the kind!"

"She shall go, then. I will take my open carriage and four," said Webster Coast. "Let us go back to the house and ask her."

"I will stay here and smoke a cigar, with your permission, ladies. I hope you will enjoy the drive and the sail, and obtain the lilies," said John Vinton, bowing with the best assumption of indifference he could muster.

"Of course we shall enjoy ourselves," replied Dakota, with enthusiasm. "A four-in-hand and a steam-yacht! Could any thing be more exhilarating!" So saying, she turned away with the others down the shady path, and John was left alone in the Nook.

Mrs. Starr was invited, and joyfully accepted; the carriage was brought round, and Webster Coast, with a flower in his coat, stood jauntily holding the reins over his four fine horses when Eleanor Rarne appeared with a handkerchief pressed to her forehead. "My poor head!" she murmured; "a sudden attack of neuralgia, Mr. Coast. I shall not be able to go. But you can fill up the carriage with Mrs. Starr's children, it will be a real

treat to them, poor little things, and then Kota can ride with you on the front seat."

"This is odd," thought the bachelor. "Playing right into the other one's hands! What can she mean? But I'll take her at her word, though. Kota is a blossom of a girl, and simple-minded as a child, which is more than I can say of Eleanor Rarne."

In a few moments Miss Weston appeared, freshly attired in muslin robes.

"So sorry, dearest, but this tormenting neuralgia has come on again," said Mrs. Rarne, going through with her excuses.

"If you do not go I shall not go," replied Kota, with a suspicious glance at her suffering friend.

"Do not let my absence make any difference, dear," replied Eleanor, quickly; "Mrs. Starr and several of her children will be delighted to accompany you."

"I shall not go," repeated Dakota, decidedly.

"There is something underneath this," thought Mr. Coast; "it is evident they are both in dead earnest. Well, I'm sorry, but I cannot help it;" and the millionaire smiled with secret complacency over this contest, which he fully believed was caused in some way by rivalry for his favor. "Come, come, Miss Kota," he said aloud, "you forget your lily."

"And the diamond-gage also," added Eleanor.

"I hope, Kota dear, you are not imitating Mr. Vinton's obstinacy."

This was enough. Miss Weston was perched on the high seat in a moment, the back of the carriage was filled with little Starrs—a happy galaxy—and the four-in-hand swept away down the avenue, and turned into the broad road leading toward the city.

In the mean time John Vinton was stretched out on the turf at the Nook. He tried books; he took out his note-case and began summing up some legal matters; he lighted a cigar; but all in vain. His mind would wander off, and he anathematized himself for his folly. "Why should I care, after all?" he thought. "What are diamonds and lilies, four-in-hands and steam-yachts to me, a poor, drudging lawyer, tied to an office eight hours of every day! One thing is certain, I will not make a fool of myself. No one shall so much as suspect the truth. I rather think I can hold my own the rest of the day, and Shorelands won't see me again this summer. Venus herself shall not entrap me unless I so choose."

A rustle, a gleam, and Eleanor Rarne stood before him. "They have gone," she said, sinking down on one of the rustic seats. "Of course they did not want me, and so I have come back to hear you read a poem, Mr. Vinton."

"They have gone, did you say, Mrs. Rarne?"

"Yes; they went together. I suppose you have long seen the truth, as I have, Mr. Vinton. Dear Kota, she positively needs wealth to make her happy. Such a luxurious little puss! But she will have it now." (A glance.) "The world looks very different to me, however; wealth has no charm in my eyes. I have enough for my wants, and I ask no

more. Such a man as Mr. Coast, estimable as he is, could never win my heart." (If a woman wishes to crush a man verbally, let her call him *estimable*.) "I look for a heart, a soul, akin to my own." (A sigh.) "I have wandered too long in the cold world not to know the value of a true friend," concluded Eleanor, turning her dark eyes, misty with feeling, upon Vinton's brown eyes looking up at her from his couch on the turf.

"Trying to enslave me for pastime, is she?" thought John. "Well, I see no reason why I should not amuse myself for an hour or two. This kind of sparring is about the only amusement left open to a poor man nowadays."

Half an hour afterward his thoughts changed. "Can it be possible that Eleanor Rarne has taken a fancy for me? But no; Coast is the man. How well she acts, though!"

Another hour, and the young man, fairly aroused, seized an instant to commune with himself. "Either I have lost my senses or Eleanor is losing hers! At any rate, this trifling has gone far enough. A little further and some kind of an explanation must come, and then *was victis!*" Then aloud: "My cigars are out, Mrs. Rarne. Thank you for a delightful conversation. When I go back to my dingy office, I shall often think of this afternoon—often recall your figure seated there, and the memory will brighten my dull labor. A man like me has little else besides memories, you know. Shall I carry back the books and your shawl? No? Well, then, farewell. I shall see you this evening." Thus John Vinton bowed himself away from the enchantress, and Eleanor sat alone in the Nook, with the bitter certainty of failure chilling her heart; she had shot her last arrow, and missed the mark.

We will not laugh at her. Some of the bitterest disappointments are those which come after the flush of youth is gone; some of the deepest loves are those which come after the meridian of life—beauty's life—is passed.

Married when scarcely more than a child, a widow when still youthful, Eleanor Rarne had lived on the surface of existence, winning general admiration, and amusing herself with the cream of society's pleasures for many bright years. But her time had come, as it comes to all with any depth of feeling, and John Vinton, a poor lawyer, with nothing in his favor save his own sturdy personality, had involuntarily become her Nemesis. "Oh, why, why am I powerless to win him?" she thought, as she sat with her face buried in her hands. "He little knows how I could love him! Oh, wretched woman that I am, what can I do?"

In the late twilight a four-in-hand came up the Shorelands avenue. At the entrance of the hotel it paused, an astonished and sulky millionaire handed down a defiant and ill-tempered young lady, who forthwith proceeded into the house, leaving the galaxy to clamber out as best they could.

"Heavens and earth!" thought Webster Coast, as he sought a secluded corner of the back piazza to smoke a soothing cigar, "would anybody have imagined such a tem-

per? Wasps, gnats, and mosquitoes, are nothing to Dakota Weston! What a ride! But I am well out of it—well out of it!" and the perturbed old bachelor wiped his glowing face, and sent in for a refreshing compound, served in a tumbler.

A fine-looking man, with hearty health, Webster Coast enjoyed life and enjoyed his wealth with good-natured selfishness. When it caused him no trouble, he would assist a friend; but, in general, he preferred sitting still and receiving the homage which came to him from all sides. "Some time I will marry," he said to himself, "but there is no hurry." He thought he had only to choose among the fairest in the land; and may not his egotism be pardoned, when we reflect how ready are the fairest in the land to be chosen—by millionnaires?

Eleanor Rarne was lying on a couch in her room, devoured by bitter thoughts. A knock at the door roused her.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It is I, Dakota Weston; let me in," said an imperative voice.

The name was enough. As though she was set with new springs, Mrs. Rarne sprang up, smoothed her hair, rubbed her pale cheeks, and then opened the door, with a smiling face.

"Home so soon, Kota dear?" she said, sweetly, and kissed her.

"Where have you been all the afternoon?" demanded the young girl.

"What a strange child you are!" said Eleanor, laughing.

"Where have you been?" repeated Dakota, standing in the middle of the room, and eying her friend sternly. Her cheeks were flushed, and her beautiful eyes like stars; looking at her beauty, a sudden revulsion swept over Mrs. Rarne. "She shall suffer, too!" she thought, vengefully.

"Out in the Nook, dear Kota," she replied. "Mr. Vinton and I were there together all the afternoon."

"And your neuralgia?" pursued Dakota, with withering emphasis.

"Oh, it passed off under the influence of the warm sun, and—and Mr. Vinton's conversation. Don't press me to answer you more explicitly, you inquisitive darling; but, tell me, did you enjoy the excursion?"

"Extremely! Ask Mr. Coast."

"Of course, Mr. Coast was pleased?" said Eleanor.

"No, he was not, Eleanor Rarne. He was a miserable millionaire, if that is possible."

"Well, Kota," replied Mrs. Rarne, sweeping round on a new tack. "I am very sorry, indeed I am; but what can I do? I have tried my best to subdue the poor man's infatuation for me, and I stayed home from the ride for that very reason. Really, my life will soon become a burden, if I am to be pursued so constantly by despairing lovers."

Dakota stood, as the French say, suffocated by this calm assumption; evidently dawn was no match for meridian. "Do you mean to insinuate that John Vinton," she began, and then paused. "Do you mean to insinuate that Webster Coast," another pause. "What do you mean, Eleanor Rarne?"

"Nothing, dearest. How excited you are to-night!"

"Where is John Vinton now?" asked Dakota, abruptly.

"Down on the beach," replied Eleanor, guessing at probability in order to appear to know the certainty. The young girl went to the window, which commanded a partial view of the shore; in the dusky twilight she saw a little sail-boat starting from the dock.

"The men have all gone into town to see the circus, and the evening train is not in. Who can be in that boat?" she asked, impetuously.

Eleanor Rarne came to the window also. "I do not know," she said, with her heart chilled by the language of Dakota's face.

"It is John Vinton; he is going out for a sail!" cried Kota, straining her eyes to see through the haze. "And the danger-flag is flying in town; that is the reason the steam-yacht did not go out."

Eleanor turned, and gave her companion a strange look. "Suffer, shallow child!" she thought, bitterly. "Suffer as I am suffering, if you can! Yes, it is John Vinton," she added, aloud, "and he knows nothing about sailing. That boat is sure to capsize if there is a gale coming up."

But Dakota was out of the room and house like a flash, and Mrs. Rarne saw her muslin draperies fluttering down the path toward the beach.

She followed, but the instant's delay was fatal; Kota was already in her skiff, with the rope cast off, and her oars in hand. Eleanor grasped the bow, which was drawn up on the beach. "Come back, Kota," she cried; "you shall not go!"

"I will go," answered the young girl. "You know I can manage the skiff perfectly, Eleanor. Loose your hold."

"You can never reach him, silly child."

"Yes, I can. The breeze is dying down before the storm; I can reach him before the squall strikes. Let go, Eleanor."

"I will not let go," cried the older woman, tightening her grasp. "You shall never reach him, Dakota Weston."

Red rose in the young girl's cheeks, and her form dilated with anger, as she stood balancing herself on the seat, with an oar held high in the air. "Loose your hold, or I will strike," she cried, with gleaming eyes.

Mrs. Rarne's arms dropped by her sides. "Even if you do reach him, you will both be lost," she called, as the boat shot out to sea.

"What do I care, if I am with him," said the voice, coming back over the water. And this was the bitterest drop of all, for Eleanor Rarne would gladly have said the same; but even this desperate chance was withheld from her reach.

The wind had died away, and there was an ominous stillness in the sky; the lake was like a dark mirror, and out in the west a mass of black clouds, and a white line on the water, showed the incoming squall. Dakota bent to her oars. She rowed well, with a long stroke and practised dip, and the muscles on her rounded arms, and her vigorous physique, did good service. She was a skilled oarswoman, and often had she distanced the white-handed gentlemen who visited Shorelands; but now

the race was for life, and, bold as she was, she did not like to look toward that fearful white line in the west, which she knew was coming rapidly toward her.

Long strokes, and the little skiff flew over the still lake. Would that dim sail never seem nearer! The twilight darkened, and the clouds deepened the darkness. "John is near-sighted," she thought; "he can see nothing in this gloom. Oh, help me, kind Heaven, or I shall never reach him." Long strokes, and breath coming in throbs. "He knows nothing about sailing, Eleanor said. I wonder how she knew. Oh, that dreadful white line! John, John, how could you go out at such a time!" Another look at the sail-boat; it is certainly nearer, and seems to be motionless. But the squall is nearer, too. No time for further thought. Heart, mind, and body, went into those oars; the darkness deepened, and the inky lake began to heave in long swells before the coming tempest. One more effort, and the goal is reached. "John, John," said an exhausted voice, "I have come to help you;" and the skiff floated up alongside.

"Good Heavens, Kota—Miss Weston—is it you?" exclaimed John Vinton, in blank astonishment. "Out here at this hour! Didn't you see the squall coming?"

"Yes; but you didn't," gasped the breathless oarswoman, almost speechless with fatigue.

"I didn't? What do you mean? But never mind now. Step up on the seat, and let me lift you in here. There, now you are safe. The squall is almost upon us, but do not be alarmed. We shall weather it out easily."

"I came out to help you; I know all about sailing," began a trembling voice. "Oh, there comes the squall! Oh, what shall we do?" and the bold mariner sank down in the bottom of the sail-boat, and buried her face in her hands.

Squalls on the Western lakes are often dangerously violent, and so well is this fact known that pleasure-yachts are rare, and, even in fair-weather regattas, provision is made for the customary capsize, and the dripping navigators, after more or less time in the water, come dismally home on a tug. But the Scud, the Shorelands sail-boat, proved equal to her name, and, under the skillful management of John Vinton, she flew over the water, tilted over on one gunnel, and, beyond shipping a sea or two, escaped without harm, and, getting under the lee of the island, was run ashore safely. Then John jumped into the water, hauled the bows up on the beach, and lifted out his would-be preserver, who lay half fainting in his arms. It was quite dark, the wind blew furiously, but no rain fell.

"It will be only a flurry after all," said John, as he put Kota down behind the shelter of some thick bushes. "But we shall be obliged to stay here until it is over. I am sorry; it will be very unpleasant," added the hypocrite, sitting down and interposing his broad shoulder as an addition to the shelter of the bushes.

"Oh, I do not mind it, as long as you—as long as we are safe," murmured a voice strangely unlike the defiant Miss Weston.

"And now tell me how you came to venture out in your skiff at such a time, Kota," pursued John, adding the name to the shoulder, with an audacity which no doubt surprised himself—at least it ought to have done so.

"Oh, the danger-flag was up in town—even the steam-yacht could not go out—and, when I came back, I heard—that is, I was told—I mean, I saw you starting in the Scud—and I knew—that is, they told me that you knew nothing about sailing—and so—and so—and so, of course, I could not let you drown before my eyes," said Dakota, trying to bring out a dramatic climax.

John Vinton burst out into a laugh.

"You dear little preserver," he said. "And so she came out alone in her cockle-shell skiff, with those soft little fists, to rescue a great, strong man like me, in a steady old sail-boat like the Scud, did she?"

Dakota withdrew from the shelter of the shoulder.

"You may laugh, Mr. Vinton," she said, in a voice that trembled in spite of all her efforts at self-command, "but I really thought I was saving your life."

"And so you have saved it, though in a different way, Kota," said the young man, catching her in his arms. "My life has been sad enough for death itself lately, and I have never dared to think that I could win you. I love you, darling—love you with all my being—have loved you ever since we first met. But I am a poor man, and I thought you—well, never mind what I thought! I will never let you go now, no matter what happens."

"I do not want to go, John," murmured the voice, and an arm stole up around the young man's neck as he bent over the hidden face; there was no half-way in Dakota Weston's nature; whatever she did, she did with her whole heart.

"I have only one fault to find with you, John," she said, half an hour afterward, as they paced up and down the beach.

"What is that, Kota?"

"How dared you weigh love against money? How could you so mistake me? Didn't you know that, if I loved you, I would rather have your love than all the rest of the world?"

"That is right, darling. You may find fault as much as you please now. But life is a hard taskmaster, and it is not so easy to guess at the real feelings of a young person who openly says she hates poverty, and openly parades her love for diamonds."

"And cannot you give me one diamond, John? Just one wee little diamond," pleaded the voice.

"I am afraid I cannot, dear," answered honest John, with a strange pang at his heart as he spoke.

"Oh, you foolish old John! How easily I can deceive you. Do you suppose I want diamonds when I have you?" And, standing on tiptoe, with tears in her eyes, Dakota gave her lover her first kiss.

"I wonder what they are thinking at Shorelands," said Kota, some time afterward. "I suppose Aunt Martha is perfectly distracted about us."

"Who cares?" said that heartless lover.

"O John! that is cruel. Aunt Martha is a dear, kind woman at heart."

"A little rough on the surface sometimes, isn't she, Kota? Perhaps she is not fond of poor lawyers, though."

"She is fond of me, and she will like what I like, sir."

"Love me, love my dog," I suppose," quoted John.

"Let us build a fire here on the beach, to show them we are safe," suggested Kota.

"Mr. Coast, you know, will be so anxious, poor man," said John, gayly. He could afford to jest now.

"Mrs. Rarne, too," added Dakota, but not so gayly; those magnetic, dark eyes still seemed to menace in the distance.

The fire was soon built of dry brush, but Kota was very silent; the excitement which had sustained her died away, and memory began to work. John Vinton, in a state of happy exaltation, laughed, jested, and heaped the fire with bushes, but, after a time, the silence of his companion attracted his attention, even in the midst of his high spirits.

"What is it, Kota?" he said, tenderly; "something troubles you."

To his astonishment, Dakota burst into a flood of tears, sobbing as though her heart would break. In great perplexity, poor John tried to soothe her, but, the more he tried, the more violent seemed her grief. Exhausted with the rowing, worn with excitement and its subsequent reaction, there was nothing for it but a good cry, as girls say. But John was not versed in the ways of girls, and he was reduced to a state of abject humility, when, of her own accord, Dakota wiped her eyes, and her sobs ceased.

"What was it, Kota?" asked the lover, with a beating heart; he thought nothing less than a final renunciation was coming.

"Eleanor Rarne said—oh, oh—she said—she actually told me that her neuralgia passed off under the influence of your conversation," murmured Kota, with symptoms of a relapse.

"Is that all?" exclaimed John, with a sigh of relief. "Well, Kota," he continued, with a short laugh, "her neuralgia certainly passed off, and with a vengeance, I should say. Mrs. Rarne is a strange person; this very afternoon she allowed me to infer that you were engaged to Mr. Coast."

"John, that woman loves you!"

"No, I do not think that. But she craves admiration from all quarters."

"John," repeated Kota, solemnly, "I tell you that woman loves you."

"Well," answered John, smiling to himself a little glimmer of a complacent smile, "what if she does? I cannot help it, can I?"

"I hate her!" said Kota, vehemently.

"So do I, then," answered John, sturdily.

"And now, Miss Weston, how about Mr. Coast?"

"Oh, that was nothing!" said Kota, hastily. "I regarded him in the light—in the light of a father—"

"Gay old father," commented John, sotto voce.

"Mr. Coast is an accomplished, pleasant man," pursued Kota, "and I like him very much."

"So do I, then," said John. "From henceforth I propose to regard him in the light of a dear and venerated grandfather!"

"You absurd John," said Kota, laughing.

"O bewildering siren! Is this the way you are discussed and discarded?"

O princely Monte Cristo! Is this the way you are ridiculed and relinquished?"

Before eleven o'clock a boat manned by a strong crew came out from Shorelands and took back the shipwrecked mariners; but, before she left the island, Dakota sent her lover to gather a lily from the little pond.

As the two entered the brilliantly-lighted hall of the hotel they met Webster Coast and Mrs. Rarne. Eleanor was attired in sweeping robes of rose color, and on her hand glittered the royal solitaire. Mr. Coast's face was a strange mixture of exultation and bewilderment; it was evident he had taken the fatal plunge at last, and floundered somewhat in the unknown waters.

Dakota's eyes were vivid with happiness, and her face shone with peach-blossom bloom; she stopped full under the chandelier.

"You see I got the lily after all, Eleanor," she said, holding up the closed flower.

Mrs. Rarne moved her hand so that the gem flashed like a ray of light; her face was serene, and her voice even and sweet.

"And I took the diamond," she replied, calmly, and swept away with her conquest.

The next day the world, the wise world of Shorelands, commented in whispers with its usual sagacity.

"Poor Kota Weston," it said; "after all, she will have to give up Mr. Coast. Her aunt will be bitterly disappointed. Well, it only shows that manoeuvres will not always succeed. Mrs. Rarne is a fascinating woman, isn't she? By-the-way (don't mention this for the world), I suspect that John Vinton was a rejected suitor of hers. That was the reason he went off in that boat yesterday; desperation, you know! I have always noticed that he was desperately in love with her; haven't you? Well, then, when he was just in that state of mind, out goes that wild Kota Weston in a skiff after him. What could he do? Of course, he had no other alternative but to let her get up a sort of half engagement. But, mark my words, Mrs. Brown, there is no real love there. If we want real love, we must turn to Webster Coast and that beautiful Mrs. Rarne!"

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

LORD-MAYOR'S DAY.

SHORN of their antique pageantry, and bereft of their ancient significance, the procession of the lord-mayor and corporation of London, from the city to the Queen's Court, at Westminster, every 9th of November, with the subsequent banquet at the Guildhall, yet remain events of considerable importance in the eyes of most Englishmen.

London, on that day of all others, is prepared to deck itself with flags, and to enliven the November dulness of its streets with

martial music; to ring joyous peals from countless steeples, and to clothe the thoroughfares with mediæval pageants and countless spectators. Besides which, the after-dinner speeches at the inauguration banquet—to which all the cabinet-ministers are invited—are expected to explain the policy of the Imperial Government, for the year next ensuing.

This annual *fête* of municipal London may have little in it now to appeal to the respect of those who, in this age of utilitarianism, are inclined to sneer at "old institutions," and "the ways and manners of our ancestors;" but, when viewed by the light of other days, the celebrations have much in them to command our attention. In an age gone by, when the law of trading was little understood and ill defined, a mayor was a person of some importance. He was the king of a city, and poets of no mean fame celebrated his election, and invented pageantry for exhibition in the streets and halls, rivalling the court-masques in regal splendor. In the great struggle that overthrew feudalism, the most important combatants were those engaged in the difficult conduct of trade between the great Continental and other cities of Europe. The poor nobility, and their proud and impoverished descendants, for the most part lived only by rapacious tolls exacted from merchantmen passing through their territory, or by the castles over which they held the supreme command. Traders were frequently seized, and their merchandise detained until a large ransom had been extorted; sometimes they were robbed and murdered outright. The "robber-knights" of Germany were the terror of all travellers by land; and boats navigating the Rhine or Danube were compelled continually to pay toll on passing the strongholds of the nobles situated on their banks.

The law at that time was powerless to punish the offenders, and sovereigns scarcely ever thought it worth their while to interfere with armed force on behalf of mere traders. It became, therefore, necessary for merchants to band themselves together for self-protection, and to pay for armed escorts, as they do now in many parts of the East. This, in its turn, led to the formation of trading-leagues—ending in the famed Hanseatic League of the North-German States—which first established trade on a firm basis, and gave to the people wealth and municipal institutions. In course of time *hôtels-de-ville* and mayoralties came to be established, and these soon outrivalled the *châteaux* and stately pomp of the old nobility. The magistrates, chosen by popular voice to protect the municipality, were inaugurated with popular ceremonies, and such public celebrations took the same place in the estimation of the people as did the court ceremonies and tournaments in that of the aristocracy. By-and-by the wealthy traders became as proud as the nobles, and rivalled or outdid them on all occasions where public display was needful. We have only to carry ourselves back to that period of English history when Henry of Agincourt was seated on the throne of England, and Sir Richard Whittington was Lord-Mayor of London, to be assured of this fact. Speaking of the entertainment given by the "thrice Lord-Mayor of London" to his sovereign, at the Guildhall, the

chroniclers of the time inform us that "never before did a merchant display such magnificence as then was exhibited." There were precious stones to reflect the lights from the chandeliers. Choicest fish, exquisite birds, delicate meats, were on the tables in rich profusion. Choirs of beautiful females sang during the repast. Wine-conduits ran through the streets. Rare confections and precious metals were presented to the guests, and there was altogether such a time in old London as has never been seen since.

"Surely," cried Henry of Agincourt, "never had a prince such a subject! Even the fires are filled with perfumes!"

"If your highness," said Sir Richard Whittington, "inhibit me not, I will make these fires yet more grateful." As he ceased speaking, and the king, nodding, acquiesced, he drew forth a packet of bonds, and, advancing to the fire, resumed: "thus do I acquit your highness of a debt of sixty thousand pounds," and threw them into the flames.

All that now remains of the once splendid city pageants is the procession of the lord-mayor and the city companies of London, on the 9th of November, to Westminster, to be presented to the barons of the Court of Exchequer. At noon, on that day, the lord-mayor-elect, heralded by trumpeters in gorgeous uniform of crimson and gold, leaves the Mansion House for the Guildhall. Here, in the open space in front of the wonderful old building, the procession is marshalled, and, at a given signal, marches on its way. First the band of the Grenadier Guards, to make the old streets reëcho with its grand outbursts of military music. Then men in quaint costume bearing the distinctive banners of the great civic companies—the lormers, the skimmers, the painters, the wax-chandlers, the fishmongers, the goldsmiths, the cutlers, the grocers, the tallow-chandlers, and spectacle-makers, and many others. These are escorted at intervals by more bands of music belonging to regiments-of-the-line, stationed in and near London. Then come the under-sheriffs, each in his state-chariot, followed by the officers of the corporation, according to degree, and preceded by footmen in state liveries. After these ride the sheriffs of London and Middlesex in state-carriages—and they are state-carriages with a vengeance—drawn by four horses, and attended each by his own chaplain. More bands of music; and now, bearing along stout poles, with banners and streamers flowing from them, appear a host of Thames watermen, clad in curious coats of scarlet and green, with huge plates of silver on their breasts. These are the winners of an annual boat-race, founded by one Doggett, many years ago a member of the Fishmongers' Company. The watermen wear "Doggett's coat and badge," a distinction much coveted by all the young watermen that ply for hire on the river Thames. After these ride the aldermen who have, and the aldermen who have not, passed the civic chair, followed by the lord-mayor resigning office, in his state-carriage, attended by mounted farriers, and by trumpeters, in state-liveries. Last of all is the lord-mayor himself, in the old state-coach of the city of London, drawn by six horses, attended by his chaplain, sword-bearer, and

mace-bearer, escorted by a troop of cavalry, and preceded by the band of a regiment of the Life Guards. Servants in gorgeous state-liveries, with the city marshal in his uniform of scarlet and gold, bring up the end of the procession.

Such is a brief description of all that now remains of the once pompous shows of the metropolis of Old England. The presentation to the judges of the Court of Exchequer—an interesting memento of the state of things after the Norman conquest of England—has now no historical significance at all. The lord-mayor-elect is simply introduced by the recorder of London to the judges in a flowery speech; the senior baron present on the bench congratulates the chief city magistrate on his attaining to the dignity; the mayor invites the judges to the banquet; and, after a few other formalities of a like nature in each of the other courts of law, the ceremonies, so far as "Westminster" and the "Queen's Court" is concerned, are at an end. The procession—now joined by the lady-mayor as in her state-chariot—makes its way back to the city in the same order in which it set out.

The inauguration banquet at the Guildhall is now the great feature of the day, and yet retains something of feudal magnificence in its character. The lord-mayor and his distinguished guests—the great officers of state, the queen's ministers, and the foreign ambassadors—advance to the feast by sound of trumpets. The huge barons of beef, borne in procession from the kitchen the evening before, stand upon lofty pedestals in the middle of the hall, guarded by portly cooks in the city livery. The tables are weighed down by profuse display of costly plate, and decorated with wonderful designs in curious confectionery. Bands of military musicians play in the galleries during the time the company is at dinner. And the superb dresses and official costumes of those present give additional brilliancy to a scene already one of the most striking the imagination could devise. Since 1501 these annual feasts have been held in the Guildhall of the city of London, and for some centuries it was the custom for the king to come to the mayor's banquet. Curious are the tales that are told of those good old times when prince and subject thus made merry together. When Sir Robert Clayton (the prodigious rich scrivener, as Evelyn terms him) entertained his sovereign in 1674, both got so merry at the feast that the mayor lost all notion of rank, followed the king, who was about to depart, and insisted on his returning "to take t'other bottle." Charles good-humoredly allowed himself to be half-dragged back to the banqueting-hall, singing the words of an old song as he went—

"The man that is drunk is as great as a king," and gratified the hospitable desires of his convivial host.

A loose familiarity was indulged in by the citizens of those days rather startling to our modern ideas of courtly etiquette.

In 1687 James II. dined with the lord-mayor, and introduced the papal nuncio at the foreign ambassadors' table for the last time in England. The pageants for the day were got up, as the city-poet declared, to express "the many advantages with which his

majesty has been so graciously pleased to indulge all his subjects, though of different persuasions." The worth of this poet's flattery may be judged from the fact that the song he composed in honor of James was used in praise of William of Orange two years afterward, when he and his queen honored the civic feast with their presence. Kings no longer present themselves at the inauguration banquet, though it is yet customary to extend the hospitality of the city of London to any foreign potentate who may happen to be visiting England on the day of the lord-mayor's feast. It is a marvellous scene that—the Guildhall of London on the 9th of November. Let us peep into it at, let us say, the hour of ten, on Lord-Mayor's Day. Crowds of workmen are busy laying down matting and carpets, hanging up flags and festoons, arranging guns and cutlasses in fancy devices over the doors, setting out pots of flowers and boxes of shrubs, nailing, sawing, planing, and hammering, so that all may be splendid, dazzling, and gorgeous, when the company begins to arrive at six o'clock. Table-cloths and napkins are being brought in on the shoulders of stout porters in bales. The plate is being served out of a wagon. Legions of waiters are laying acres of damask-cloth upon a vast perspective of festive tables. Two plates, a commensurate number of knives, forks, and glasses, and a little gilt fruit-stand, are being placed for each of the fifteen hundred of the lord-mayor's guests. Every thing is being done in military order, and with military precision. The regiment of waiters advance at the word of command and execute "plates;" at another word of command they advance and place on the "glasses;" at another "flower-stands;" and so on.

As for the good things for the feast:—The turtle down below in the kitchen is already bubbling in a hundred pots. Forty of these huge reptiles have been slaughtered to make two hundred and fifty tureens of soup. Here is a store-room filled with cakes and jellies; there is one devoted to fowls, and pea-hens, and pheasants, and woodcocks, and ducks, and goslings, ready trussed for the spit; a third, a very large apartment, is purple with hundreds of bunches of hot-house grapes. Grapes on the floor, grapes on the chairs, grapes on the tables, grapes everywhere. A step farther on is a room filled with bottles of Champagne-Epernay and Veuve Clicquot; next it is another, in which are arranged hundreds of bottles of the wines of Southern France, the Rhine, Spain, and Madeira. Piled up in every available spot are sirloins of beef, savory pies, jellies, cheeses, and little dainty rusks of bread. There is good old ale for those who may call for it. Every thing is being done, as the play-bills have it, "on a scale of magnificence never before attempted, and utterly regardless of expense."

Hey, presto! A shake of the kaleidoscope. The whole scene has changed. It is just six o'clock. Chaos has given place to Order. The magnificent old building is now lit up for the banquet. The lighting of the vast hall with gas is by stars, mottoes, and devices of six or seven thousand jets in the large, painted windows. The architectural lines of

the edifice are marked out with gas-jets. At the end of the hall, over the lord-mayor's chair, is a stupendous crystal star, and a Prince-of-Wales's plume, in spun glass, nine feet high. From the roof hang two painted chandeliers, each twelve feet in diameter. And the whole of this flood of gas-light is poured down upon the dazzling field of damask, plate, glass, and flowers, on the tables below. The halls and corridors are now neatly draped, the pictures are hung, the statues have taken their places, the flowers and shrubs have been tastefully disposed around them, and every thing, most miraculously it seems, has found its proper place. Nothing now remains but for the company to sit down.

Another shake of the kaleidoscope. Half-past six o'clock. The silver trumpets are sounding, and the distinguished guests, male and female, are passing onward in a glittering stream to the reception-room. The cabinet-ministers are in official uniform—blue coat, with a great deal of gold collar, and ribbons and stars. The judges are in their scarlet gowns, wigs, and square, black caps. The lord-chancellor is one mass of black silk, and gold, and horsehair. The foreign ambassadors are in wonderful uniforms of dark blue and gold and of dark green and gold, blazing all over with decorations. There are foreign consuls in abundance; and military men in scarlet, and blue, and black, and green; and naval men crisp with bullion; and barristers in black-silk gowns and full-bottomed wigs; and gentlemen in court-costume of black velvet; and ladies with wonderful tiaras of family diamonds. The glittering throng passes on, crushing, pushing, shoving—through the pretty corridors draped with red, blue, and white, to the room where the lord-mayor receives his company. The "industrious apprentice" is there, smiling and affable, on a raised dais of crimson cloth, with a gold chair of state behind him; on his right the lady-mayor, his wife; on his left a throng of the most distinguished citizens of London. Industry, frugality, and skill, seconded by good fortune, have helped to place the "industrious apprentice" where he now stands—the chief magistrate of the wealthiest city in the world, and Lord-Mayor of London. Each new-comer is introduced to his lordship by the city chamberlain, and, as any one of especial dignity arrives, his coming is heralded with loud outbursts of applause by the assembled company.

At seven, more silver trumpets sound, and the lord-mayor, with his distinguished guests, passes through the hall to dinner.

Was there ever such a dazzling scene? Hush! The old Latin grace is being sung by a choir of distinguished singers in the quaint old Gothic gallery, the company all up-standing. And now the feast commences. What a Babel! Eight thousand changes of plates are to be used. What a fearful clatter! Two hundred dozen of champagne is to be drunk. What a popping of corks this will necessitate! Two hundred waiters are hurrying about. What indescribable confusion! Fifteen hundred guests have to be served. Will they ever get what they want? The bill of fare is a grand one, and there are at least five

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good hours before midnight; no doubt every one will get his fill. By-and-by a stentorian voice shouts from the upper end of the hall: "My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, please silence for my lord-mayor." When every thing is quiet, again the stout voice is heard: "My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, my lord-mayor drinks to you all in a loving cup." Whereupon the lord-mayor rises from his chair, and, with a huge silver tankard of spiced drink in his hands, drinks; turning to his neighbor on his right, he bows to him, wipes the rim of the tankard with the damask cloth around it, and passes it on to him. The right-hand neighbor bows, faces about, drinks, bows to his right-hand neighbor, wipes the rim of the tankard, and passes it on to him. And so it goes right through the whole of the fifteen hundred—one tankard to the right, another to the left. Before either tankard has got half through, the voice is again heard: "Please silence for my lord-mayor." And then up rises the lord-mayor, very nervous perhaps, and stammering a little, and playing with his fruit-knife may be, and gives the toast of the "Queen." The great company stands. The voice is again heard: "My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, please to charge your glasses. The Queen." Crash, grand crash, loud crash; the national anthem; and now the company sits down again. Yet toasts, and more toasts, and then the health of the queen's ministers is proposed and drunk. Now all are on the *qui vive* to know what Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Lowe, or some other official of high rank, has to say. If the subject is a pleasant one to speak upon, the company "cheers" the speaker loudly; if otherwise, no great notice is taken. About eleven, or half an hour past that time, all the toasts are got through, and by midnight most of the company have left, and the lord-mayor is on his way to his new home at the London Mansion-House.

C. EYRE PASCOE.

AN OPEN QUESTION.*

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

THE sudden resolution which Kane Hellmuth had taken was not without a sufficient cause. The connection which Mrs. Klein's information had established between the children of Bernal Mordaunt and Mordaunt Manor gave rise to numerous suspicions in his mind. If they were the heiresses of Mordaunt Manor, then there was supplied that which his mind had long sought after—namely, a motive for the plot against Inez, and for that plot in which it now appeared that Clara had been involved. Yet, if this were so, why had not Clara known it? If Mordaunt Manor was her home, why had she never said so? The

only answer to this lay in Mrs. Klein's incoherent remarks about "lies" which were told her, so that she didn't know her own father's house. She may have left it at so early an age that she had no certainty about its being her home, and afterward may have been made to believe that it belonged to some one else.

In any case, however, it now seemed to Kane Hellmuth that Mordaunt Manor itself was the best place for him to go to. If it belonged to Bernal Mordaunt, he himself would be more likely to be there than anywhere else; and, if he was not there, he might find out where he really was. If Kevin Magrath's plot really had reference to this, he might possibly find out there something about him. Or, if neither of these could be found, there was a remote probability that he might hear something about Bessie. For all these reasons, then, and for others which will afterward appear, Mordaunt Manor seemed to him to be by far the best place that could be found for a centre of operations.

On reaching Keswick he stopped at the inn, where he obtained answers to all the questions that he chose to ask; and these answers filled him with amazement. In these answers there was communicated to him a number of facts which were incomprehensible, bewildering, overwhelming!

The first thing that he learned was that Bernal Mordaunt had returned home after an absence of years, and, after a brief decline, had died there.

Moreover, he had been welcomed home by his daughter.

This daughter had herself come home but a short time before, after an absence of years.

This daughter had cheered the declining days of the feeble old man, had given herself up to him with a devotion and a tender love that was almost superhuman. In that love the old man had solaced himself, and he had died in her loving arms.

Moreover, the name of this daughter was *Inez Mordaunt*!

This Inez Mordaunt had filled men of every degree with admiration for her beauty, her fascinating grace, her accessibility, her generosity, and, above all, for her tender love and unparalleled devotion to her aged father.

This Inez Mordaunt also had married a man who was worthier of her than any other; he was also a resident of the county, and thus she would not be lost to the society which admired her so greatly and so justly. Her father had hastened on the marriage before his death, so that he should not leave her alone in the world. Even after her marriage this noble daughter showed the same deathless devotion to that father for whom she had done so much.

The happy man who had won so noble a woman for his wife was Sir Gwyn Ruthven, of Ruthven Towers.

All this is familiar to the reader, but all was not familiar to Kane Hellmuth. One by one these facts came to him like so many successive blows—blows of tremendous power—blows resistless, bewildering, overwhelming, falling upon his soul in ever-accumulating

force, until the last one descended and left him in a state of utter confusion and helpless uncertainty.

With the first fact he was able to grapple. It was intelligible that Bernal Mordaunt had, after all, come home, here, to Mordaunt Manor. It was intelligible that he had reached his home weak and worn out; and that he had died. It was intelligible and probable that Bernal Mordaunt was now dead, and buried, and that his remains were actually in the family vaults of Mordaunt Manor.

So far, so good; but now, when Kane Hellmuth advanced thus far on this solid ground, and looked out beyond, he found every thing misty, gloomy, uncertain, chaotic, and unintelligible.

What was the meaning of this daughter? She had reached home not long before her father. He had recognized her. He had found happiness in her. Her love and devotion for him was spoken of as something nearly superhuman. Had Bernal Mordaunt, then, another daughter?

The name of this daughter was Inez Mordaunt.

Inez Mordaunt! But he had left Inez Mordaunt in Paris, where she had been decoyed by letters forged in the name of her father, Bernal Mordaunt. What Inez Mordaunt was this?

Could his Inez—his sister Inez—be mistaken? Impossible. His Inez was the sister of his Clara. The likeness between them was so extraordinary that he had stopped her in the street, and carried her senseless to his lodgings. Since then he had heard her whole story. He had the testimony of Mrs. Klein to the identity of his Inez with her who was once called Inez Wyverne. His Inez was the sister of his lost Clara beyond a doubt.

Were they, or were they not, the children of Bernal Mordaunt? He knew that they must be. His Clara was, he knew; and that Inez was, he also knew.

Could there be two Bernal Mordaunts? One, the father of his Inez; the other, the father of this strange Inez here? Impossible. Mrs. Klein's testimony pointed to Mordaunt Manor as the home of Clara and of Inez. But, if so, why had not his Clara known this in her life? Or was a creature like Mrs. Klein to be trusted in any thing whatever? Might he not have come here on a fool's errand?

No.

The answer to this lay in Kevin Magrath's plots, and in the fact that Mordaunt Manor alone formed a sufficient cause and motive for them. Without Mordaunt Manor he was an insane schemer; with Mordaunt Manor he was a villain aiming at a magnificent prize.

But, if this was so, what part had he in the magnificent prize? Was it not already held by this other Inez, this wonder among women, this pious daughter, this paragon? And what was there in common between her and one like Kevin Magrath? Yet Bernal Mordaunt had come home, from his years of exile and sorrow, to Mordaunt Manor, and there was his daughter Inez to welcome him, his daughter whom he loved, and in whose arms he died.

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

But beyond all these bewildering and contradictory facts lay another which produced upon Kane Hellmuth's mind an effect so strong that it may be called the climax of them all.

This Inez Mordaunt had married Gwyn Ruthven. They were living now at Ruthven Towers.

Over this, Kane Hellmuth brooded long and solemnly. In this last fact he saw that which would open to him a way by which all the others would be made plain. Yet the way was not one which he would have chosen. He would rather have tried any other way. It came in opposition to his self-inflicted punishment. It would terminate the silence of years. It would put an end to that seclusion in which he had thrust himself, and draw upon him the glare of day. Thus far he had been, as he called himself, a *dead man*—this would force him to rise from the dead.

This was not what he wished. But it was too late to go back. He had set forth in this path. The way now lay straight before him to Ruthven Towers, to Gwyn Ruthven and his wife, who had called herself Inez Mordaunt. Could he now turn back? Dare he do it?

He dare not. For the sake of Inez, whose wrongs were still in his mind, for the sake of his lost wife, who also had suffered wrongs that seemed to have come from the same source from which had flowed the wrongs of Inez; for his own sake, too; for every reason that can animate a man to action he felt himself impelled to go onward, and to penetrate this mystery.

Now, Kane Hellmuth was a man who, when he had once resolved on any course, had no other idea in his mind than a simple, straightforward, and tenacious pursuit of it till his purpose might be accomplished.

Had this other Inez Mordaunt still been unmarried, he would have avoided Gwyn Ruthven. He would have gone to her. He would have seen her, and questioned her, and thus have satisfied himself, if satisfaction had been possible. But she was now the wife of Gwyn Ruthven. Her identity was merged in his. He could not go and interrogate the wife apart from the husband. The only way to the wife lay through the husband. To the husband, therefore, he must go; and so Kane Hellmuth, on this day, set forth for Ruthven Towers and Gwyn Ruthven.

He rode on horseback.

He was scarce conscious of the scenery around him as he rode along, though that scenery was wondrously beautiful. He was considering what might be the best course of action.

By the time that he reached the gate of Ruthven Towers he had decided. After this, he was less preoccupied. He passed through the gates. He looked all around with strange feelings. He rode up the long avenue. He dismounted. He entered Ruthven Towers.

On inquiry, he learned that Sir Gwyn Ruthven was at home. He gave his name, and was shown to a large room on the right. He entered and waited.

He did not have to wait long. Sir Gwyn was prompt, and soon came down to see his visitor.

Kane Hellmuth was standing in the mid-

dle of the room. Sir Gwyn, on entering, bowed courteously. Kane bowed also. Then Sir Gwyn seemed to be struck by something in the appearance of his visitor. He looked hard at him for a moment, then he looked away, then he looked again, this time with an air of perplexity. Kane, on his part, looked at Sir Gwyn, and his stern face softened. Indeed, Sir Gwyn was one upon whom no one could look without a sense of pleasure. It was not because he was what is called handsome, not on account of any mere regularity of feature, but rather on account of a certain fresh, honest, frank expression that reigned there; because of the clear, open gaze, the broad, white brow, the air of high breeding mingled also with a boyish heartiness and simplicity. Sir Gwyn, in short, had that air which is so attractive in a high-bred boy of the best type—the air of naturalness, of frankness, of guilelessness, and generosity. For this reason, the hard look died out of Kane Hellmuth's eyes, and a gentler and softer light shone in them as they rested on Sir Gwyn.

"I hope you will excuse me for troubling you, Sir Gwyn," said Kane Hellmuth, at length, "but I have come a great distance for the purpose of making some inquiries at Mordaunt Manor. I had no idea that Mr. Mordaunt was dead until my arrival here; and, as my business is of the utmost importance, I have thought it probable that I might obtain the information that I wish from yourself, or from Lady Ruthven."

At the sound of Kane Hellmuth's voice, Sir Gwyn gave a start and frowned, and listened with a puzzled expression. He was evidently much perplexed about something, and he himself could scarcely tell what that something was.

"I'm sure," said he, "that both Lady Ruthven and myself will be happy to give you any information that we can."

"It all refers," continued Kane Hellmuth, "to the life of Mr. Mordaunt after his return home. I am well aware of his long absence. Since his return, however, it is very probable that he has spoken of these things about which I wish to ask."

"Very probably," said Sir Gwyn, slowly, with perplexity still in his face. "He was very communicative to me."

"What I should like to ask first," said Kane Hellmuth, "refers to an affair at Ville-neuve. Did Mr. Mordaunt ever mention to you any thing about the death of Mr. Wyverne at that place?"

"Oh, yes, he told me all about it."

"Thanks," said Kane Hellmuth. "What I wished to know was whether it was the same Mr. Mordaunt. I did not know but that it might have been another person. He did not give his name, and it was only my conjecture that it was he."

"It was Mr. Mordaunt himself," said Sir Gwyn. "He told me all about that occurrence, and also all about his past connection with Mr. Wyverne."

This reply settled one thing; namely, the identity of this Bernal Mordaunt with the father of his Inez.

"Thanks," said Kane Hellmuth; "and now I wish to ask one or two other things.

They refer to his family. They concern myself very nearly, or I should not ask them. They are only of a general character. Would you have any objections to tell me how many children Mr. Mordaunt had?"

"Certainly not," said Sir Gwyn. "He had two daughters, that is all. The name of the oldest was Clara."

"Clara!" said Kane Hellmuth, in a strange voice.

"The other one," continued Sir Gwyn, "was named Inez."

"Is—Clara—alive yet?" asked Kane Hellmuth, in a tremulous voice.

"No," said Sir Gwyn, "she died ten years ago."

"Ah! and the younger one, I presume, is still alive?"

"Yes, the younger one is Lady Ruthven, my wife."

"Ah!" said Kane Hellmuth.

He had heard this before. It was now confirmed. The problem remained a problem still, but he had advanced somewhat nearer to a solution, for the very reason that he had approached so much nearer to the one who had called herself Inez Mordaunt. This was her husband. He had no doubt whatever of the truth of the intelligence which he was giving to his visitor.

"One thing more, Sir Gwyn," said Kane Hellmuth, "I really must apologize for the trouble that I am giving you, and I hope you will not suppose that I am asking out of nothing better than idle curiosity. What I now wish to ask refers to your own family—your own brothers."

Kane Hellmuth paused. Again Sir Gwyn looked at him with that perplexity on his face which had already appeared there. The two thus looked at one another earnestly. Kane Hellmuth felt a pang of sadness as he looked at that noble and generous face, and thought that he might be the means of inflicting pain upon one who did not merit it; but his task had to be done, and went on:

"There were three of you, I think," said he; "Bruce, Kane, and yourself."

Sir Gwyn bowed in silence. The perplexity of his face was now greater than ever.

"Bruce died at home, I believe," continued Kane Hellmuth, "and Kane died in Paris."

"No," said Sir Gwyn.

"I have understood so."

"Mr.—ah—Hellmuth," said Sir Gwyn, earnestly. "Tell me truly, were you ever acquainted with my brother Kane?"

Kane Hellmuth hesitated.

"Yes," said he, slowly, "I was, about ten years ago, in Paris."

"Do you believe that he is dead?" asked Sir Gwyn, sharply and eagerly. "I don't. I never did," he continued. "I tell you I have tried everywhere to find him. Look here, there's something confoundingly queer about you, do you know? odd, isn't it? but it seems to me that we've met before, but hang me if I can remember where. I tell you I've done every thing to find my brother Kane. I've advertised. I've sent out agents. I don't believe he's dead, and I hope to meet him yet. By Jove! And, see here, if you should ever get on his track, tell him this from

me: That I am waiting for him, that I am holding this place for him, that I'd give it all up—estate, title, all, for the sake of seeing him once more. Yes, by Heaven! I would; and if I only knew where he was now I'd go to find him if I had to risk my life. I say this to you because, do you know, somehow you've got a confoundedly queer look about you, and, by Jove! you remind me of him somehow. You don't happen to be a relative of the family in any way, I suppose."

The tone in which Sir Gwyn spoke was the tone of a big, honest, warm-hearted boy. Every word went to the very heart of Kane Hellmuth. He was not prepared for this. In the course of his life he had lost much of his faith in man, and had accustomed himself to think of his brother as one who would be glad to hear of his death. He had been trying to make himself known in a gradual way, so as to ease the blow which he supposed would fall on his brother. Lo! now, to his amazement and confusion, his brother stood there offering to give up all—estates, title, yes, even life itself, if he could find him.

His head sank upon his breast. He struggled to keep down the emotion that had arisen in his soul. It was hard to restrain himself. Sir Gwyn looked at him in wonder. At length Kane Hellmuth raised his head. He fixed his eyes on Gwyn with a strange meaning. Then he spoke.

"Gwyn!" said he.

That was all.

Sir Gwyn started. Then all the truth in a moment burst upon him.

"Oh, by Heavens!" he cried. "O Heavens! Kane! Kane! Kane! By Heavens! Kane himself! You glorious old boy! Didn't I know you? didn't I feel that it was you?"

He grasped both of Kane's hands in his, and clung to them with a fervid, enthusiastic greeting, wringing them, and shaking them over and over.

"Kane, you dear, glorious old boy, where have you been wandering? and why have you stayed away so long? Haven't you seen my frantic advertisements, imploring you to come and get your own? Haven't I felt like a thief for years, holding all this when you might be wanting it? Ah, dear old boy! I know what you once had to suffer. And you might have let me had a word from you. You once used to think something of me when I was a youngster. Don't you remember how I used to look up to you as the pride, and glory, and boast, of the whole race of Ruthvens? You must remember enough about the youngster Gwyn to know that, whatever his faults were, he'd be as true as steel to you. Bruce treated you like a devil, too, and I cursed him for it to his face; and didn't you get my letter, Kane? I was only a boy at school, and I sent all I had to you—my two sovereigns—all I had, Kane. It wasn't much, but I'd have laid down my life for you."

So Sir Gwyn went on. He appeared to be half crying, half laughing. He still clung to his brother. It was the enthusiastic, the wild delight of a warm-hearted boy. As for Kane, he stood overwhelmed. He trembled from head to foot. He tore one hand away, and dashed it across his eyes.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

RUTHVEN.

THUS, then, it was that Kane Ruthven came back to the home of his fathers—to Ruthven Towers. He was a dead man no longer. He was no more Hellmuth, but Ruthven.

He had not anticipated such a reception. He was not prepared for such truth and fidelity—such an example of a brother's love. He was unmanned. He stood and wept. Yet life seemed sweeter now to him through those tears.

"Dear boy," said he at last, as soon as he had recovered himself somewhat, "don't talk to me about the estate, or the title. They are yours. Do you think I came back for them? They are yours, and they shall be yours. I gave them up years ago. I saw your notices, but I was not going to come back here. Things had happened which made wealth and rank of no importance. I have as much money as I want. I don't care about a title. You shall remain as you are now, and so will I."

"I'll be hanged if I will!" cried Gwyn. "I tell you, this estate and title have been bothering me out of my life."

"Well, then, I'll make out a paper transferring every thing to you."

"You shall do nothing of the sort."

"I will. You don't know how I am situated."

"I swear you shan't. You are the head of the Ruthvens, and I glory in you, and I long to see you in your place, old boy."

"No, Gwyn—my own place is a very different one. I have lived my life. I didn't come back to interfere with yours."

"It's no interference. Come now, Kane, don't be absurd. It's all yours, you know."

"Very well, and I hereby make it all over to you."

"I won't take it."

"You must. I'll make out the necessary papers, and then go back to my lair that I've just come out of."

"What's that? What!" cried Gwyn. "Go back! Why, you won't go back? You have come home now for good, Kane—haven't you? Go back? No, never! You are here now, and here you must stay."

"Oh, you may be sure, dear boy, we'll see one another often after this; but, for my part, I have a work to accomplish which will require all my care for some time to come, and, at present, I'm still Kane Hellmuth."

"Hellmuth! what preposterous nonsense! You're Sir Kane Ruthven of Ruthven Towers, and you shall remain so."

"No, Gwyn, my purpose is fixed and unalterable. I care nothing for such things. You can enjoy them. I have as much money as I wish. I need nothing more. You have your position, and there is your wife."

"My wife!" exclaimed Gwyn. "Ah, Kane, you little know her. Oh, how she will rejoice over this! Oh, she knows all about it! I've told her all. Oh, how glad Bessie will be! Oh, how Bessie will rejoice!"

"Bessie!"

This exclamation burst forth from Kane involuntarily. His voice was harsh and grating. He stood with staring eyes and averted face. The utterance of that one name—"Bessie"—had been sufficient to overturn all his thoughts, and thrust him back into his old bewilderment and gloom. Like lightning, a thousand thoughts swept through his mind, quickened into instant life by that one name.

This revealed all.

"The false Inez who had married his brother was Bessie. Bessie who? Bessie Mordaunt—the friend—of the true Inez; the Bessie to whom she had written, but who had refused to answer those letters of despair—Bessie!"

Gwyn noticed the change.

"What's the matter, Kane?" he asked, anxiously.

Kane drew a long breath.

"Oh, nothing!" said he. "By the way—what do you mean by 'Bessie.' I thought your wife's name was Inez."

"So it is, but it is Bessie also. Her full name is Inez Elizabeth Mordaunt. She was living with the Wyvernes, however, at London, you know, where I first became acquainted with her, and they all called her Bessie to prevent confusion, for there was another Inez—Inez Wyverne—a distant relative of hers. So, I knew her as Bessie, and I've called her Bessie ever since. Inez is a pretty name, but it seems unfamiliar to me."

All this was terrible to Kane. It confirmed what had been told him. Inez Wyverne was Inez Mordaunt. Bessie had taken her place. Had Bessie betrayed her? Inez loved her still, and trusted in her. Was it possible that Bessie was a traitor, or had she only been mistaken? But, then, Bernal Mordaunt must himself have received Bessie as his daughter!

Kane Ruthven feared the worst. And there came to his heart a sharp and sudden pang. If Bessie should prove to be the traitor, the impostor, which he now imagined her to be, then what wrong would have been done to this noble, this generous heart! Here was this true and loyal soul, this matchless brother, with his faithful love, his unsullied nature, his young, pure life, linked to one whose character must be terrible. Could he go on further when his path would only serve to darken this brother's life? He shuddered, he half recoiled. How could he dare? His brother had taken a serpent to his bosom. Could he open his brother's eyes, and show him all?

Just at that moment, in the midst of such gloomy and such terrible thoughts as these, there came a sound which penetrated like sudden sunshine through all the clouds of suspicion and terror that were lowering over the soul of Kane Ruthven, a sudden sound, sweet, silvery, musical—a sound of laughter that was childish in its intonations—a peal of laughter that was full of innocence, and gaiety, and mirth.

Then followed a voice—

"Aha, you runaway! So, here you are! and it's meself that's been the heart-broken wife. Really, I began to think that you'd deserted me, so I did. Come, sir, give an account of yourself. How dare you leave me for a whole half-hour!"

The new-comer suddenly stopped. She saw a stranger there.

At the first sound of her silvery, musical laugh, Kane Ruthven started, and looked up.

He saw before him a vision of exquisite loveliness. It was a young lady—who looked like a very young girl, a blonde, with large eyes of a wonderful blue, with a face of indescribable piquancy, with golden hair, flowing in rich masses over her shoulders, with a dress of some material as light as gossamer. This was the one whose laugh had penetrated to his ears, who now came lightly forward with these words addressed to Gwyn.

Gwyn, too, had started at her entrance. At the sight of her the cloud that had come over his face, thrown there by the strange

She held out her hand with a sweet smile. Kane took it, and the smile on her face drove away the last vestige of his gloomy fears. All evil suspicions passed away. He saw only that perfect loveliness and that bewitching smile; he saw only her charming grace and captivating beauty; he saw only the wife of Gwyn, and the friend of Inez.

He pressed her hand fervently, and in silence.

"Really," said Bessie, "do you know, Gwynnie, dearest, you gave me an awful shock, and I haven't got over it yet. I was so awfully glad, you know, but it was at the same time so awfully sudden, you know; and oh, how we've talked about this. I'm sure I can hardly believe it is so, and I'm sure it's

ery, for kindness, and for gracious self-surrender; such a one seemed a fit companion for Inez or for Gwyn; but to associate her, even in thought, with such foul natures as Kevin Magrath, seemed an unholy thing.

And so it was that Kane Ruthven first met Bessie.

The expression of Kane's face was usually an austere one. His dense growth of crisp hair, his bushy eyebrows, his heavy and somewhat neglected beard, his piercing eyes, his corrugated brow, and, added to all these, the hard outline of his features, all combined to give him a certain saturnine grimness, which would have been repellent had it not been for the lurking tenderness that shone in his glance—a tenderness which was per-



"Over the fair face there shot, for an instant, an expression of pain."

gloom of Kane, was instantly banished, and a joyous light succeeded. He took the lady's hand, and led her forward.

"Kane," said he, "here she is—my own Bessie. O Bessie! who do you think this is? You'd never guess. It's my dear, long-lost old boy—my brother Kane."

The hand that Gwyn held suddenly closed convulsively around his; over the fair face there shot, for an instant, an expression of pain. Bessie shrank back involuntarily, and half raised her other hand, as if to her heart. Yet this was only for an instant. It passed as suddenly as it had come. Kane did not notice it, nor did Gwyn.

"Kane!" exclaimed Bessie, in a sweet and gentle voice; "sure then it's me own brother he is too, and oh, how glad I am!"

awfully funny to find a brother so suddenly, when you never expected such a thing at all at all. And oh, but it's the blessed thing to think that our brother Kane should turn up after all, so it is."

She looked at Kane as she said this with a sweet smile on her face. Kane noticed this, and was charmed. He noticed, also, the slight "brogue" that was in her tone, which, intermingled as it was with the idiom peculiar to young ladies, seemed to him to be very charming. He believed in her at once. The sight of that face was enough. With such a being suspicion had simply nothing to do. She herself was beyond all suspicion. In her face, her manner, her tone, he could see infinite possibilities for love, for loyalty, for sociability, for friendship, for fun, for droll-

ceptible enough to any one who took more than a superficial observation. On the present occasion, the look with which he regarded Bessie had all of this tenderness, and nothing of this grimness and austerity; it was a look such as an anchorite might give to some child visitor straying near his cell, whose approach might have broken in upon his solemn meditations. To Kane Ruthven there seemed about Bessie a sweetness, and light, and sunshine, which forced him for a time to come forth out of his usual gloom.

"Sure, and it's quite like the parable of the prodigal son entirely," said Bessie; "only of course, you know, I don't mean to say that you were a prodigal son, brother Kane; and then, too, in the parable, it was the younger son that was the prodigal, but you're the

older, so you are; now isn't he, Gwynnie, dearest? But, 'deed, and it's no matter which, for it's only the joy over the return that I was thinking of, so it was, and sure we'll kill the fatted calf and be merry, as they did in the parable. I feel," she added, with an absurd look of perplexity, "that my comparison is hopelessly mixed up, but then my intentions are honorable, you know."

As Bessie said this, she stole her hand toward that of Gwyn, and inserted it confidently in his, quite in the manner of a fond young bride, who is confident of the attachment of her husband, and upon whose marriage still exists something of the bloom of the honeymoon. Gwyn, on his part, did not fail to reciprocate this tender advance, and his hand clasped hers lovingly, and the two stood thus opposite Kane, indulging in this pardonable little bit of sentimentality, or spooneyism, or whatever else the reader may choose to call it, quite regardless of his presence. Upon Kane, however, this little action, which was not unobserved by him, did not produce any unpleasant effect, but rather the opposite. It seemed to him to be a beautiful picture—the young husband, with his frank, open, gentle, and noble face; the fair young bride, with her fragile beauty, and the golden glory of her flowing hair—these two thus standing side by side, with hands clasped in holy love and tenderness.

Kane felt softened more and more, and this scene revolved within his mind memories drawn from his own past; memories of a time when he, too, like Gwyn, had one who was as dear to him as this fair young creature was to his brother; memories of a time when the touch of a gentle hand stealing toward his would quicken his heart's pulsation, and send through him a thrill of rapture. Those memories had never been lost, they had lived through all the weary years, they formed a torment to him in his desolation; but never had they been roused to such life, and with such vividness, as at this moment, when Bessie made this half-unconscious movement of confiding tenderness. The happiness of Gwyn only served to remind him more poignantly than usual of all that he had lost, and a deep sense of solitude came across his soul—

"Oh, for the touch of a gentle hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

The sight of his brother's happiness also had another effect. It elicited not envy, for envy was a stranger to his heart, but rather a generous sympathy, and a more tender regard both for this brother and this new-found sister. Inez was one sister, and here stood another as fair as she, and, to all outward seeming, as gentle, as pure, and as good. The sight of these two only served to strengthen his firm resolve already made, to leave his brother here in possession of that estate and title for which he, in his present mode of life, had no need, and of which his nature would not permit him to deprive him.

The loving and tender reception of Kane by these two was met on his part by a grateful reciprocity of feeling; the hearts of all of them were opened to one another; and an interchange of confidences took place, which was unreserved on the part of Gwyn, and only limited on the part of Kane by the nature of

those griefs which he suffered, and which could not be lightly spoken of. He laid great stress on his wanderings, and particularly on his adventures in South Africa in search of diamonds. His allusions to this were made with the intention of letting Gwyn see that he had ample means of his own, and of communicating to him, in a delicate way, the fact that he had no intention whatever of taking any steps to deprive him of the estate.

But the chief topic of conversation referred to times far beyond this, and to things which they had in common. Gwyn had much to say about his early boyhood and his remembrances of Kane. He brought forward a thousand things which had faded out of his brother's recollection, but were recognized as Gwyn mentioned them. About these Gwyn talked with a zest, and a simple, honest delight, which was very touching. His whole tone showed that, in the days of his early life, he had looked up to this brother Kane with all the enthusiastic admiration of a generous boy. It was also quite evident that this enthusiastic admiration had lasted beyond his boyhood and into his maturer years. He seemed to have considered his brother Kane the *beau idéal* of perfect manhood, and one who was the best model for his own imitation. At the same time he regarded his own efforts to imitate him as useless, and the honest humility of his allusions to his own inferiority was almost pathetic, especially when his noble face and his chivalric sentiments were so manifest, and seemed to speak so plainly of a character and a nature which could not suffer from a comparison with even that idealized Kane which he had in his mind.

The minuteness and the accuracy of Gwyn's recollections surprised Kane, who had forgotten many of the occurrences mentioned. They referred chiefly to Kane's last year at home, when Gwyn was a little fellow and Kane a young man. The incidents were very trifling in themselves, but at the time they had appeared wonderful to the boy; and now, even when he had become a man, they seemed the most important events of his life. It was not long afterward that Kane's misfortunes had occurred, and Gwyn showed, without going into particulars, but merely by a few eloquent statements of facts, that, at the time when Kane was so desolate, there was one loving heart that was sore wrung for him, and one loyal soul that would have faced even death itself if it could have done him good.

Bessie bore herself admirably during the conversation. She did not trust herself forward too much; nor did she, on the other hand, subside into silence. A few, well-chosen remarks, now and then thrown in, served to show that she was full of the deepest interest in all that was said, and occasional timely questions to one or the other of the brothers served to draw forth a fuller explanation of the subject to which the question referred. Moreover, all the time there was in her expressive face such eager curiosity, such profound interest, such total surrender of self to the one who might be speaking, that her very silence was more eloquent than any words could have been.

Bessie was also gentle and affectionate.

Kane was her brother now. With a frankness that was charming she at once began to put herself on the footing of a sister toward him; and proceeded, not abruptly, but delicately and by degrees, to insinuate herself further into confidential terms of intercourse. At first it was Brother Kane, occasionally dropped as if by accident; then the familiar name was repeated more frequently. Then she called him simply Kane. Once, when her sympathies seemed unusually strong, she exclaimed, "O dear brother Kane! it's heart-broke you must have been about that same!" Finally, when they bade one another good night, she held forth her cheek in the most childish and innocent and sisterly manner in the world, and, as he kissed her, she said:

"Good-night, dear Kane; good-night, and pleasant dreams."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COVENANTERS.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

["Two women, Margaret MacLachlan and Margaret Wilson, the former an aged widow and the latter a girl of eighteen, were sentenced, by James Graham, of Claverhouse, to be drowned or abjure their religion. They refused, and were carried to a spot which the Solway overflows twice a day, and were fastened to stakes fixed in the sand, between high and low water-mark. The elder sufferer was placed near the advancing flood, in the hope that her last agonies might terrify the younger into submission; but the courage of the survivor was sustained by an enthusiasm as lofty as any that is recorded in martyrology. She prayed and sang verses of psalms till the waves choked her voice."—*Macaulay's "History of England."*]

TWO Margarets sat at close of day,
With knitting-sheath at side,
And sung and talked as women may,
And listened to the tide,
As landward turned the wild Solway,
And from his caverns cried.

Up Margery sprang, with bounding feet,
And held her bright hair back,
And listened; for a horseman fleet—
Nor whip nor spur was lack—
Came dashing through the foaming sheet,
Nor pausing on his track.

He cried, "The Graham's at the ford—
Thy lover lieth dead—
Fly, fly, from shot and sword!"
A blood-red scarf aloft he spread,
And Margery, at the word,
Knew all her doom was said.

The Solway roareth hoarse and loud—
The moon from out the wrack
Has thrust aside the murky cloud,
And gleams of steel flings back;
For on the wet sand stands a crowd
That makes the night more black.

The Solway heaves his briny tide,
And there, within its roar,
The Margarets stand them, side by side,
The Claverhouse before.
Pale is the matron, pale the bride,
But steadfast as of yore.

With scoffing jest and smiling lip,
The Graham bent his head,
And sat his horse with hand on hip:
"Repeat the prayer," he said;

"I fain those pretty lips would sip,
Were I not soldier bred."

"Now God thee save from deadly sin!"
The aged matron spoke;
"Not e'en a worthless life to win,
Can covenant be broke:
We bow unto the truth within,
And know no other yoke."

"O daughter Margery! fear thee not—
The pang will soon be o'er.
O steadfast child! a glorious lot
To die amid this roar,
Remembering Christ, who for us wrought
Through pangs a thousand more."

The Solway fiercer breaks and roars,
The cold moon shineth clear,
And onward, as the Solway pours,
His voice is drowned, to hear
A holy hymn along his shores,
As from another sphere.

The moon looked down where mid the sea
Old Margaret's white hair shone;
The moon looked down where fair and free
Sweet Margery's locks are strown;
And strong men trembled, haunch and knee,
To hear the waters moan.

But Graham sat his champing steed,
That pawed the oozy shore,
And saw the billows in their greed
Heave landward more and more,
And whitened hair and dark sea-weed
Tell that the pang is o'er.

Nor moved he lip, nor moved he hand,
As higher, higher grew
The raging waters to the strand,
And back his horse he drew,
While Margery's voice, exultant, grand,
Swell'd all the turmoil through.

The Solway roars at turn of tide
A thousand years the same;
The Solway to the cold moon cried
A deed too black to name,
On that dread night the Margarets died
Staked where the low tide came.

Ere flood of tide, aghast men note
The Solway sweeping on,
Upon his breast nor speak nor mote
To tell what hath been done—
A wild sea-bird, with open throat,
Sails over it alone.

Two ghastly shapes, at ebb of tide,
Rise slowly to the sight,
And pitying sea-weeds strive to hide
The work of yester-night.
Ah! sea and earth such wrongs must bide—
Wrongs for great God to right.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

IT is a melancholy truth that, even in the nineteenth century, literature, as a profession, rarely pays. Each day makes this more clear to the observant. Yet, as regards the votaries of this fascinating and delusive craft, "the cry is, Still they come," to offer at her crowded shrine. Booksellers and editors

can testify, by a painful experience, to the ever-increasing number of those who are panting to make the pen their bread-winner. It is, of course, highly to be desired that there should be many to whom gain is a secondary object—willing, for the gratification of an honest ambition, or in the ardent pursuit of some special branch of science, to forego those pecuniary prizes which are, to the bulk of mankind, the grand stimulus to exertion.

But, in the case of a very large proportion of those who follow literature as a means of livelihood, it is much to be regretted that they should not have sought their subsistence in some other field. "Aim," says Junius, in the letter to Woodfall, in which he requires emolument, "at an independence, solid, however small. No man can be happy, or even honest, without it."

While we should decline to indorse this dictum in its entirety, we are convinced of the sound, practical sense it conveys; and it is because a literary career renders the consolidation of an independence almost impossible in about nine cases out of ten, at least as concerns a married man, that we should endeavor to dissuade nine men out of ten from embarking in it. The Grub-Street poor-devil author, out at elbows and redolent of gin, is pretty much a being of the past; but he has his representatives to-day, among a far more refined order of beings, men and women, whom, perhaps, some early amateur success has flattered into the belief that there are great things in them, and that they are destined to be famous. Time goes on, yet the booksellers continue inappreciative and obdurate. At length, heart-sick and weary, the book or poem which was to have won fame is abandoned, and the victim of mistaken vocation endeavors to scrape a precarious subsistence from newspapers or magazines. The compositions of such persons often have considerable merit; and, indeed, frequently give proof of far more learning and accuracy of thought than those of others who earn their livelihood by the pen with comparative ease. The trouble is, that they cannot write what the public cares to read. It would save a great deal of suffering if a large class of would-be authors could but be persuaded that it is not enough to have ideas, and to clothe them in appropriate language, unless they, further, have the art of adaptation to popular taste.

What a painful example in point is that afforded by the well-known fate of a man of undoubted talent in a sister-profession—Haydon, the English historical painter! What chronicle of disappointed ambition tells a sadder tale than the passage in his diary wherein he refers to the crowds showering guineas into the coffers of Barnum, then exhibiting Tom Thumb, under the same roof where Haydon, in a last desperate effort to put bread into his children's mouths, was exhibiting, to a perfectly inappreciative public, his historical paintings! That he could paint excellently, no one denied—but not so as to please the popular taste. His end was suicide.

It is not, however, only those literary men who fail to please the public, who are unable to keep their heads well above water.

There are certain lines even of highly-popular literature which are lamentably unremunerative—a fact of which the recent repeated appeal in aid of Mark Lemon's destitute family affords a painful indication. There is no reason to suppose that he was either reckless or extravagant; he was simply the victim of a class of abilities which threw him into an unremunerative groove of life. We have seen here, over and over again, how impossible it is, notwithstanding the number of our cities and the intense appreciation of humor characteristic of our people, to maintain a comic journal; and it is no secret that *Punch* has never been a paying publication—indeed, a glance at the small number of its advertisements is sufficient to give a notion of its failure in this respect. Mark Lemon, its editor, suffered accordingly, and his means did not suffice for saving.

When Sir Walter Scott was ruined, his friend, the able and eccentric Lord Dudley, said: "Let every man who has derived pleasure from the *Waverley* Novels subscribe sixpence, and Sir Walter will rise, to-morrow, richer than Rothschild." It was a "happy thought," and it is a thousand pities that it was not acted on.

We wish the same could be done for poor Mark Lemon's family, for, if every Anglo-Saxon who has laughed over *Punch* would send twenty-five cents to his widow and daughters, they would be placed in adequate comfort for the rest of their days. The queen has now given the widow and children a pension of five hundred dollars a year; but this is but scanty provision for gentlewomen. Young people intent on pursuing the path trodden by Mark Lemon will do well to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," the lives of literary men.

LANDOR'S SHELL.

IN "The Island," the feeblest, and, with the exception of the poor concluding cantos of "Don Juan," the last of Byron's poems, is the nowise notable couplet:

"The ocean scarce spoke louder with his swell,
Than breathes his mimic murrain in the shell."

To which Byron appends the following note, written less for the purpose of explanation than to have a fling at Walter Savage Landor, whom he hated because Southey had praised him: "If the reader will apply to his ear the sea-shell on his chimney-piece, he will find in 'Gebir' the same idea better expressed in two lines. The poem I never read, but have heard the lines quoted by a more recondite reader. It is to Mr. Landor, the author of 'Gebir,' and some Latin poems, which vie with Martial or Catullus in obscenity, that the immaculate Mr. Southey addresses his declamation against impurity." To this note some extraordinary individual, whom Mr. Murray employed to annotate the poems of Byron, appends this remarkable piece of literary information: "Mr. Landor's lines, above alluded to, are:

"For I have often seen her with both hands
Shake a dry crocodile of equal height,
And listen to the shells within the scales,
And fancy there was life, and yet apply
The jagged jaws wide open to her ear."

Where the annotator found these lines we do not know. They were probably written by some one as a parody upon Landor, in feeble imitation of Horace and James Smith's clever "Rejected Addresses." The lines from "Gebir," to which Byron alludes, are the best that Landor ever wrote, and it would be hard to find in English poetry a finer piece of description. There is, moreover, connected with them a curious bit of literary history. Landor writes to Southey: "It was my practice to try my hand at both Latin and English, where I had been contented with any passage in one. In 'Gebir' there are a few which were written first in Latin. 'The Shell' was one of these. Poor shell! that Wordsworth so flattened and pounded in his marsh that it no longer had the hoarseness of a sea, but of a hospital." The Latin original of "The Shell" runs thus, and we doubt if there are in any Roman writer seven lines of as perfect Latin poetry:

"At mhi caeruleae sinuosa foramina conchae
Obvolvunt, lucemque intus de sole biberunt,
Nam crevere locis ubi porticus ipsa palati
Et qua purpurea medias stat currus in unda,
Tu quate, somnus abit: tu laevia tange labella
Auribus attentis, veteres reminiscitur aedes,
Oceanusque suis quo murmure murmurat illa."

The transfusion—for it is not a translation—into English, is quite as fine, perhaps one might say still finer, for the English "august abodes" seems to us even grander than the Latin "veteres aedes":

"But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

In Landor this is a description given by a sea-nymph of the treasures she has brought from her ocean-home. Whether Wordsworth had read the passage is quite uncertain, for he was not given to reading poetry except his own, and few then read the poems of Landor. The apparent murmuring within a sea-shell is familiar to every child who ever saw a shell, although Landor is the first, as far as we know, who ever turned it to a poetical use. Wordsworth, in one of the finest passages in "The Excursion," has invested the shell with a glory which Landor could not conceive or appreciate. To Landor the shell was only a shell, beautiful indeed, but only a shell, fit to be wagered against a sheep as the prize in a race. Wordsworth puts a soul into it; links it to humanity, and makes it an exponent of a sublime moral truth. His verse, perhaps, lacks something of the sonorous flow of either the Latin or English of Landor; for what English writer, whether in verse or prose, had so true an ear for harmony as Landor? Few of his poems could ever be widely popular, but it seems to us that in an age when the "Idyls of the King," "The Princess," and "Jason," find audience, that "Gebir," with all its lack of genuine human interest, would not now meet with the neglect which befell it seventy years ago.

As for Landor's prose, we believe that a volume of selections could be made from the

"Imaginary Conversations" which would contain more weighty thought grandly expressed, and very many passages much grander in thought and nobler in diction, than are to be found in any other writer of our English language—Milton's "Areopagitica" and the "Preface to the Second Book on the Prelacy" alone excepted. But Landor was no less unjust than ill-natured when he described Wordsworth's "Shell" as having been pounded and flattened in a marsh until it had acquired the hoarseness of a hospital instead of that of a sea. Wordsworth says:

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intently, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences whereby
To his belief the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea:
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith, and doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things—
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

A. H. GUERNSEY.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

VERY few Americans have actually resided in well-to-do English families, and therefore have no idea how exceedingly superior the living is in them to that among similar classes in this country. We speak now of houses where the income ranges from fifteen to fifty thousand dollars a year. In England, the gentry with such fortunes live in the same style every day, and cannot be taken by surprise if several guests unexpectedly drop in. Breakfast in the house of a country gentleman with twenty thousand dollars a year will consist of two or three hot dishes, eggs, rolls, toast, preserves, cold ham, tongue, pie, and game; and the only difference when there are guests in the house is that more is provided. When breakfast is half-way through, fresh relays of toast arrive, and hot water or spirit-lamps keep viands warm for late-comers.

Luncheon is an infinitely superior meal to most American dinners—a couple of excellent hot dishes, pastry and puddings, cold meats, sherry, claret, and beer.

Dinner, the solemn prandial event of the day, is admirably comfortable. The white-waistcoated and cravat-ed butler throws open the door and announces it. The footmen, in well-fitting, handsome liveries, stand in the hall, like guardsmen on parade, while the family passes into the dining-room. From beginning to end all runs like a well-oiled wheel. If the faintest crash of plate or china be heard, the frown of the butler makes his myrmidons tremble. The host and hostess, utterly free from care about the failure of soup or *entrées*, are as thoroughly at ease as the merriest of their guests, and are able to give their attention to conversation, undisturbed by any harrowing apprehensions.

The dinner consists always of soup and fish, *entrées*, from one to four, according to the number present, roast, boiled *pièces de résistance*, from two to four sweet dishes, game, cheese of two kinds, dessert, and coffee. Tea, with dry toast, cake, etc., is served in the drawing-room about two hours after dinner. Usually a small table is placed in a corner of the room covered with a white cloth, and the beautiful tea-service, often well worth a study by those curious in old plate, is placed thereon. In how many American households, with even a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, does this thorough comfort and completeness reign? The furniture is usually ten times finer, the ladies spend thrice as much on their dress, but is the result as good? Does such expenditure tend as much to make a man love his home, and long, as ninety-five Englishmen out of a hundred do, to get back to it? The domestic details we have described are almost entirely carried out by the lady who, in British phrase, "rules the roast." Even down to the stables, she very often controls all domestic concerns, and thus gives her lord and master, generally really though not apparently her willing slave, time for his parliamentary, magisterial, or professional duty. Only she is generally wise enough to consult him, and, if he differs, can usually contrive, by a little gentle wheedling—bullying rarely answers with the British benedict—to get her own way. Many ladies are bored with domestic details, and would gladly avoid them, but they are brought up to regard them as duties of a woman, to be done, whether disagreeable or otherwise, just as the lawyer or the doctor must do his work.

Here the feeling of duty does not often obtain to the same degree, and half the ladies in New York never dream of troubling themselves that their husband's dinner may have variety and palatableness. You may dine at dozens of our millionaires' houses, and you will find, unless there be a set banquet, a dinner which would be thought miserable in a comfortable English rectory. Often neither fish nor soup, a huge joint, perhaps some fowls, indifferent pastry, and a pudding you gulp down, because you rashly took some, and don't like your hostess to see that you leave it. The servants bang and crash, and anoint your shoulder with sauce and gravy. Dine there a week consecutively, and you'll have the same dishes nearly every day. Politeness prevents foreigners, who see this style of thing, saying much, but like the cabman, whose fare gave him sixpence, "they think a deal;" and whether French, German, or English, they agree that, in this country, great though it be in all respects, you cannot, apparently no matter how rich, be comfortable; and, if it be the poor man's paradise, "it is not a place for a gentleman to live in." They begin, in fact, very well to comprehend how it is that there are sixty thousand Americans living abroad. A change for the better, in these respects, lies in the hands of the ladies, who, if they would but devote one-half the time they now give to the consideration of dress and morning-visits to domestic concerns, might effect a delightful revolution. The recommencement of life in town offers a good opportunity.



IN THE GARRET.

Oh rare, sweet dreams, within the garret olden,
Whose rude walls glow with fancy's radiant fire;
Oh fair, young head, whose every thought is golden,
Blooming with pure desire!

There, where we pored above the volume's treasures,
And lived within a world of dear romance;
There, where we caught a thousand priceless pleasures,
Charming each backward glance—

Again the sunlight streams on floor and rafter;
Again we rummage in each cobwebbed nook;
Falls on our ears the sound of silvery laughter,
Sweeter than bird or brook.

Sounds from the distant world jar not our dreaming;
The doves coo softly 'neath the sheltering eaves,
And fairy-land is all around us beaming,
The land that childhood leaves.

What joys were born, in memory never dying,
As, poring o'er the poet's page of gold,
We heeded not the moments swiftly flying,
Careless of heat or cold!

The walls of Art's gorgeous and stately palace,
Hold no such pictures as our fancy framed
On these rough walls. Oh, could we sip the chalice
Of youth, so dearly famed—

Oh, could we bear, amid the toil and striving,
The bright, fair impulses that held us then;
Which come, now, dimly echoed, and reviving
Life's dear time again!

Still may we keep our childhood's precious vision
Unto life's tranquil and remotest even;
For, in its day-dreams and its joys elysian,
This garret seemed near heaven.

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MARK LEMON.

MARK LEMON was the sole and responsible editor of *Punch* for considerably more than a quarter of a century. The grotesque and whimsical character of the publication he presided over somehow never seemed to attach to himself individually any of the attributes of the simply ridiculous. It was in this particular precisely the same, it may be added, with each member of the eminent group of *collaborateurs* who worked together so harmoniously, and during so many years, under his direction. These, whether artistic or literary, never once, it may be said, sunk to absurdity, never once degenerated to buffoonery, even in the wildest of their extravagances. It was thus with them, indeed, as it has always been with the greatest exemplars, or with the noblest exponents of humor in all literatures. It has often been remarked that Don Quixote, in his battered morion, even when charging at the windmills, or slashing at the wine-skins, preserves somehow intact the respect and honor of us all throughout, even in his most outrageous vagaries, as a true-born gentleman. Mr. Pickwick, again, under the most preposterous circumstances, when placed in the most utterly ludicrous situations, retains always entire something more than our mere good-will, despite the purely laughable character of his surroundings—inasmuch that, in the very exordium or preamble of the history of "that great man," we read with a sort of complacency of "his elevated position, revealing those tights and gaiters which, had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which, when Pickwick clothed them—if we may use the expression—inspired involuntary awe and respect."

As it is with the more inimitable creations of the humorists, so it is in all the happier instances with the humorists themselves. In-

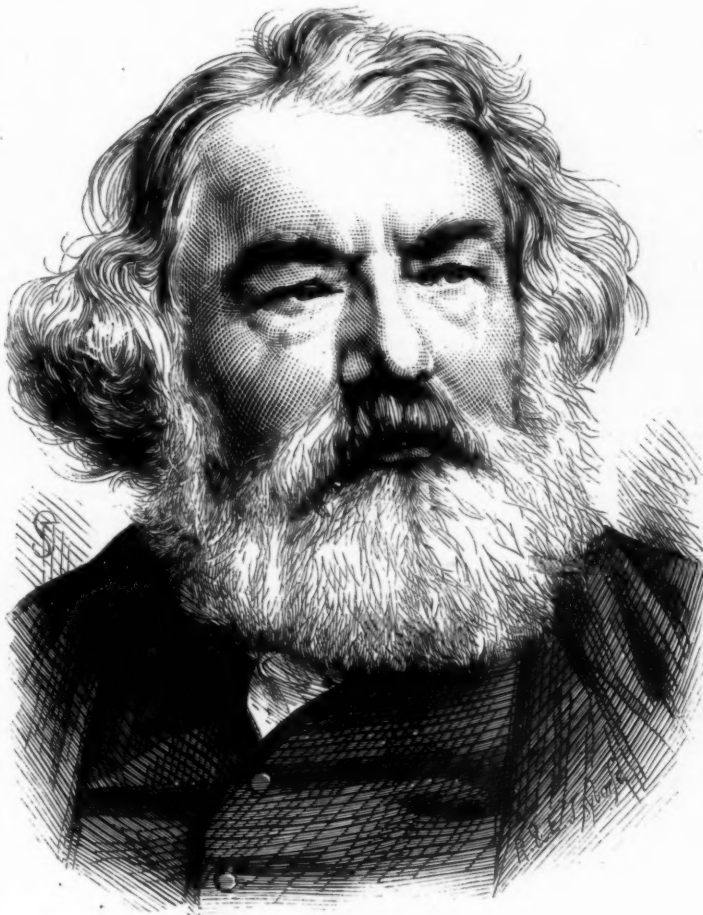
stead of being, in any conceivable way, individually lowered by their geniality, they always appear, on the contrary, to be peculiarly endeared to their readers by the innocent mirth they have engendered. The writers who are nearest to the hearts of the people are invariably those who have moved them the most frequently to tears and laughter. Save occasionally, as when, in one rare and exceptional instance, Thomas Hood first gave to the world anonymously his "Song of the Shirt" in the columns of the *London Chari-*

bent of his genius, he was a thorough Londoner. From a very early period of his life he devoted himself to literature. Apart from occasional contributions, in a fragmentary way, to one or other of the periodicals, his earliest efforts to obtain the ear of the public were made through the intervention of theatrical managers. As a dramatist he was rapid and prolific. Upward of sixty pieces, supplied to the stage, first of all, in swift succession, but afterward at uncertain, and, toward the last, at more and more lengthened

intervals, attest at one and the same time the industry of his hand and the inventive fruitfulness of his imagination. Now a roistering farce, technically called, when the most entirely *outré*, a genuine Adelphi screamer; now a sensational melodrama; now a graceful operetta or burletta; now a three-act comic drama; now a five-act comedy—appealed in rapid sequence to the taste of play-goers, and, while doing so, gradually familiarized the general public with the agreeably striking and acidulated name of the popular dramatist.

Strange enough, on the 31st of March, 1836, when there appeared the first green number of the earliest of the shilling serials of Charles Dickens—No. 1, that is, of the inimitable "Pickwick"—there was in the hands of the manager of the Strand Theatre about the earliest of all Mark Lemon's farces—one that was produced

on the stage there for the first time on the evening of the 25th of April, under the seemingly *bizarre* title of "The P. L., or 30, Strand." The oddity of the coincidence is this, that, whereas that first number of "Pickwick" introduced the reader to Alfred Jingle, Esq., that first night immediately afterward of "The P. L., or 30, Strand," introduced the play-goers to Stamper Jingle, Esquire, the hero of the little farcical interlude, in the capacity of poet-laureate at Warren's blacking-manufactory, in which, or at least in some similar manufactory, the great novelist had worked when a boy.



MARK LEMON.

vari, *Punch* has rested content, as a rule, with appealing only to the national sense of the ridiculous. Almost from the first moment of its existence as a periodical, the guidance of its staff of wits, both of pen and pencil, lay at the command of the kindly satirist, the genial lyrist, the cordial dramatist, and the vivacious novelist, the salient incidents of whose career as a man of letters we are here desirous, in a few touches, of rapidly sketching.

MARK LEMON was born in London, on the 30th November, 1809, and, not only by reason of the locality of his birth, but by the

Half a dozen other farces of Mark Lemon's, out of a crowd of similar pleasantries, may here be particularized. Several of these, when named, will be at once recognized as old favorites. Two generations of frequenters of the Adelphi bear in delighted remembrance the fun and frolic of "Domestic Economy," and "Jack in the Green, or Hints on Etiquette." Another will yet be borne laughingly in mind by many, under the any thing but animated name of "The Slow Man." A kindred whimsicality was "A Moving Tale" (evidently, one would say, written by a wag); coupled with which, as each of a piece with it as a scrap of mirthful nonsense, may be mentioned one designated "My Sister Kate," and another, "The Railway Belle." Among a throng of minor dramatic pieces from the ready hand of Mark Lemon, one opera, two melodramas, and three burlettas, may now, very briefly and simply, in passing, be enumerated. The particular opera here referred to was the one in three acts, called "The Pacha's Bridal," partly in prose, partly versified. Another was entitled "The Lady of the Lake." Among the melodramas dashed off with evident gusto by our playwright in his earlier days, the two referred to as worthy of passing note, because of their highly-effective character, were "The Ancestress," in two acts, and another, illustrative of a brother's love, a melodrama, also in two acts, called "Self-Accusation." As for the three burlettas, already referred to, but not yet named, they were each in one act, and were respectively entitled, "The House of Ladies," as contradicting from the House of Lords (a prescient forecast of the women's-rights movement), "Love and Charity," and one mystically dubbed "The Gray Doublet." Several dramas were written by Mark Lemon, after the French—we had almost said after the Siamese—fashion, in a sort of intimate literary partnership; his chosen collaborateur, in all these instances, being his old friend and intimate, the late metropolitan magistrate, Gilbert à Beckett. Their joint handiwork in this way was mostly adaptation. One of their most telling hits, for example, was their skillfully-contrived translation from the French of MM. Dumanois and Dennery—that fascinating "Don Cesar de Bazan," of whose handsome form and features James Wallack was the radiant embodiment. Another notable success achieved by them, after the same fashion, was their dramatized version of the most poetical of all Charles Dickens's Christmas story-books—to wit, "The Chimes," the goblin-tale of some bells that rung an old year out and a new year in. Between them, again, Mark Lemon and Gilbert à Beckett another while produced, in the shape of what they fantastically called a new grand empirical exposition, their two-act drama, in verse, called "St. George and the Dragon;" and, by a still wilder freak of fancy, another two-act drama, also in verse, yeilded "Peter Wilkins, or the Loadstone Rock and the Flying Indians," described by themselves on their playbill, quite accurately, as an extra-extravagant extravaganza.

It is in some ten or twelve original plays of his own independent composition, however, far rather than in a few joint-stock bur-

lesques, in half a dozen startling melodramas, or in a score of laughter-moving farces, that Mark Lemon has any reasonable hope of being borne yet a while in remembrance. During the same year which witnessed his farcical apparition on the heels of "Pickwick," as already mentioned, within three months after Warren's "P. L." had been fooled to the top of his bent at the Strand Theatre, there was produced for the first time on the boards of the Surrey, one July evening, in 1836, Mark Lemon's drama in five acts, written in blank verse, and entitled "Arnold of Winkelried." It was commemorative of the victory obtained, A. D. 1386, by the hero of Unterwald over Leopold, Duke of Austria, on the field of Sempach. Another five-act play was produced by him in 1841, called, interrogatively, "What will the World say?" During the very next season, that of 1842, came out the original comic drama of "The Turf." One of the most popular of all his dramatic effusions in its day was the two-act play of "The Ladies' Club." Another, that long vied with it in attraction, was the sentimental drama, also in two acts, called, after its heroine, "Gwyneth Vaughan." A piece, wonderfully acted in its principal character by old William Farren, was that still traditionally memorable as "Grandfather Whitehead." Others might readily be particularized as worthy of note in various ways, such as the "School of Tigers," or, again, as "Rob of Fen," or, yet further, as "M. P. for the Rotten Borough." But enough will have been said in the way of putting a crown to Mark Lemon's labors as a dramatist when we have named what is incomparably the best of all his dramatic pieces, meaning the one wittily entitled "Hearts are Trumps," and which, more unmistakably than any other of his plays, is a genuine contribution to dramatic literature.

Saturday, July 17, 1841, is the date affixed to the first number of a new periodical then issued, and for some considerable time afterward, with but very small apparent chance of success, under the title of *Punch, or the London Charivari*. It was projected by a little cluster of wits, dramatic writers most of them, journalists, artists, and magazine contributors, who were bent upon starting a novelty, and who probably, while doing so, little dreamed that they were establishing an institution. Conspicuous among these adventurous men of letters were several writers whose prominent share in the enterprise at its commencement has been either carelessly forgotten or purposely ignored. Foremost among these was Henry Mayhew, afterward chiefly known through his uncompromising revelation of the lower and hitherto overlooked strata of London life, laid bare to public view in his "London Labor and the London Poor." Another was the late Sterling Coyne, a capital farce-writer and a most ingenious dramatic adapter. A third, whose participation in the new comic venture has scarcely ever been acknowledged from that time to this, was the learned and accomplished Professor Edward Forbes, the natural philosopher. Associated with these were others whose brilliant services as members of the *Punch* staff are long since not only

within the knowledge of us all, but are held delightedly in our grateful remembrance. Mark Lemon was installed from the first as joint editor of *Punch* with Henry Mayhew. A couple of years had barely slipped by, however, from the date of the foundation of the new periodical when, Henry Mayhew having seceded, upon Mark Lemon thenceforth devolved the sole and undivided responsibility of the editorship. From that turning-point in the history of this journal the *baton* was wielded by him with undisputed authority, until his grasp upon it, from 1843 until 1870, was relaxed eventually alone by death. Owning allegiance to his thoroughly genial yet thoroughly autocratic sway, there were clustered around him, pen or pencil in hand—glass in hand on Wednesday evenings, when the *Punch* dinner was given, week after week, during all those seven-and-twenty years under his blithe presidency—a group of authors and illustrators, any brace of whom one might have thought would have secured fortunes from the very outset of any ordinary periodical. Among these were Thackeray, Richard Doyle, John Leech, John Tenniel, Albert Smith, Shirley Brooks, Douglas Jerrold, and Gilbert à Beckett.

It was over a throng of drolls and wits, and humorists, and men of genius, and caricaturists, such as these, that Mark Lemon, during a period of nearly thirty years, presided with the kindest open hand, the cheerliest voice, the merriest eye, the blithest smile. Surrounding himself by none but friends, even while "having at" every imposture, sham and humbug, social or political, that, turn by turn, tempted him to authorize the administration now of a vigorous cut (on the wood-block), now a poignant thrust (with a pen-point), at the loftiest no less readily than at the lowliest of pretenders. It is curious to remember now, when *Punch* has for years upon years past been so firmly established, that, notwithstanding all the ability squandered upon it from the very first, a considerable time elapsed before any thing at all like a success was achieved. Before one penny was gained by the undertaking upward of eight thousand pounds sterling had been expended—that is, had been actually sunk by the proprietors in a seemingly hopeless endeavor to set the enterprise fairly afloat. At length, however, the long-looked-for turn of the tide, when least it might have been anticipated, came in the end, as the well-earned reward of both wits and capitalists. It was the first Christmas number that brought with it that "flood" that, once taken, according to Shakespeare, leads on to fortune.

Apart from his "never-ending, still-beginning" labors from week to week in his editorial capacity as a comic journalist, Mark Lemon was otherwise, in many ways, sufficiently industrious. He still repeatedly, from time to time, "kept in" his hand as a dramatic writer, throwing off, at very uncertain intervals, just simply as the humor prompted him, now a farce, now a little comedy, now an extravaganza. For several years together he occupied the position of literary editor of the *Illustrated London News*. Tales, sketches, songs, he wrote abundantly for many of the lighter periodicals. Repeatedly he contributed

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to the pages of *Household Words*. For one eccentric interval he condescended to occupy the post—and for himself was actually proud of it—the incomprehensible post, as duplicated with the editorship of *Punch*, of private secretary to Mr. Herbert Ingram, then member for Boston, in Lincolnshire.

Whatever his occupations, Mark Lemon was ready, at every wholesome opportunity, either for athletic sport or for purely intellectual recreation. More surely it may be said of him than of the majority of dramatic writers that he had the histrionic gift strong upon him. As an actor he appeared before the foot-lights generally not in the least like an amateur, but far rather like a skilled and practised professional. He took part repeatedly with Charles Dickens in his memorable private theatricals.

In 1867 he pleasantly button-holed his reader, and took him with him "Up and Down the London Streets." After the appearance from the press of the book so entitled, Mark Lemon gave to the public orally the pick or cream of its contents in a popular lecture or entertainment. Another delectable contribution of Mark Lemon's in the same year (1867) was "The New Table Book," lavishly and beautifully illustrated by Frederick Eltze, some of the pictures, intensely *à la* Leech, being most daintily colored. A child's story, embellished by C. Green, was his next benefaction to the little ones, for whom he always evidenced great affection. It was published in 1869, and was entitled, suggestively, "Tinykin's Transformation." One of Mark Lemon's earlier volumes is a work now but little known, called "The Rhine Book." Altogether, in one way or another, he must have trolled out at least a hundred songs of various characters—love-songs, bacchanalian, and what not—perhaps the very happiest among all of these being the one beginning:

"Old Time and I the other night
Had a carouse together;
The wine was golden, warm, and bright—
Aye, just like summer weather."

Yet in the very act of according to this ditty of Mark Lemon's our preference, another equally beautiful in its way recurs to our remembrance, beginning:

"I will sing no more of sorrow,
Sadly doubting of the morrow."

At fifty-four years of age Mark Lemon first seems to have bethought himself of becoming a novelist. His first substantial venture as a writer of fiction appeared in 1863, in the three volumes of "Wait for the End." Its reception was such that, in the very next year (1864), he was encouraged to produce his next three-volume story of "Loved at Last," on the title-page of which he inscribed a motto from Sir Philip Sidney. Two years later, in 1866, he gave to the world what is probably the ablest of all his productions as an imaginative writer, the story of two wives, entitled "Falkner Lyle." Another year only had come round when, in 1867, he wrote his fourth novel, in three volumes, called "Golden Fetters." During that same year he published, also in three volumes, "Leyton Hall, and Other Tales." Another novel he left for posthumous publication, the quaint title of which was "The Taffeta Petticoat."

During the later years of his life Mark, like many another hirsute Englishman, wore a noble, massive beard, had a curly head of hair, not merely white but silvery, and was comelier perhaps in his old age than he had been in his youth.

In 1870, on the 23d of May, he breathed his last under the roof-beams of his home at Vine Cottage, in the little village of Crawley, in Sussex. He received after death the genial and grateful panegyric of one of his many friends, Mr. Joseph Hatton, who, under the modest title of "With a Show in the North," penned a series of the kindest recollections of Mark Lemon, first of all issued piecemeal, and afterward reprinted collectively from the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Speaking of his friend, Mr. Hatton there says of him (remembering what the publication was, it almost seems to us profanely) that "he believed in one God, in one woman, and in one publication." Throughout life his was the most cordial, kindest nature, overflowing with good-fellowship. Like Shakespeare's Wolsey—

"... he would have all as merry
As first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Could make good people."

THE "CITY OF THE FUTURE" ONCE MORE

I HAVE several times advocated, in the pages of this JOURNAL, a method of constructing town-houses which would give us all opportunity to live within city-limits under the maximum of favorable conditions. The City of the Future has been supposed by many people to consist of great outlying suburban districts, bound together by a system of underground and overground railways. Swift and secure transit from place to place, under this plan, is to render distance of no consideration, and enable every man of business to reach his embowered cottage in the suburbs with as little inconvenience as he now traverses a few squares of the city. But the City of the Future which seems, to my imagination, to confer the highest convenience, comfort, and felicity, is one of scientific compactness, instead of scientific diffusion—it is to utilize the air-spaces above us by the erection of tall buildings of many stories, furnished with steam-elevators and all the latest appliances of household invention. At present, men with vast trouble banish themselves into the rural suburbs for the sake of pure air—which generally is laden with malaria and animated with mosquitoes—while all the time there is, within sixty feet of their offices, an unused atmosphere of the greatest salubrity, where fever is unknown, and insects never trouble.

A suburban city—a city which every night sees its citizens scattered among the hills, along the rivers, and in the by-ways of its environs—can never possess the real advantages and attractions of a metropolis. No rapid transit would be likely to bring a people thus scattered together in those gatherings which supply the mental stimulus of city-life. The opera, the theatre, the lecture, the

concert, the art-gallery, the museum, the club, would flourish in a community of outlying suburbs. In a scattered city rentals might be cheaper than now, but the competition that exists in crowded avenues of traders would cease, and every purchase made would involve narrower choice and higher price than by our present method. Great advantages obviously arise from the concentration of multitudes in cities; and, instead of, as we are now doing, industriously endeavoring to promote diffusion, it should be our aim to systematize and organize this concentration so as to secure the least possible friction, with the best results that combination and coöperation may give us.

The passion for suburban living, which has been so much stimulated in late years by land-speculators, has this year received a great blow. Mosquitoes, during the earlier part of the season, infested all the region around New York fearfully; and this plague had just begun to abate when a worse infliction appeared. Scarcely a district, during August and September, escaped fever and ague, and in some places not a family could be found without at least one member a victim to the malady. People who had fondly imagined that health and felicity would reward their banishment to neighborhoods of meadows, cabbage-gardens, and rude road-ways, are now turning their wistful eyes back to the paved streets of the city, and wondering why something cannot be done to render residence within town-limits practicable for all who may desire it.

It is obvious, to all who closely observe, that the common belief in the superior healthfulness of the country over the city is unsupported by the facts. Fresher-looking men and women may be seen any hour on Broadway and Fifth Avenue than a day's search would find in the country. Thin, sallow, unwholesome-looking people seen on our promenades, are almost invariably visitors from the rural sections. Dyspepsia is more common in the country than in the city, and so are rheumatism and other ills arising from damp houses and undrained fields. Women in the town, especially, live more out-of-doors than those of the country do, experience more enlivening scenes, have greater variety and change, and, as a class, are in better health and spirits. Hale, fresh, and hearty-looking old men are more abundant in the cities than elsewhere. It has been common to assert the contrary to all this, but whoever will investigate the facts will, I am convinced, discover the above assertions to be correct. As a trustworthy witness we may call in Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, in his last instalment of "The Poet at the Breakfast-table," discourses as follows:

"If I should say right out what I think, it would be that the finest human fruit on the whole, and, especially, the finest women that we get in New England, are raised under glass . . . I mean just what I say, under glass, and with a south exposure—during the hard season, of course, for in the heats of summer the tenderest hot-house plants are not afraid of the open air. Protection is what the transplanted Aryan requires in the New-England climate. Keep him, and especially

her, in a wide street of a well-built city eight months of the year, with good, solid brick walls behind her, good sheets of plate-glass, and the sun shining warm through them in front of her, and you have put her in the condition of the pineapple, from the land of which, and not from that of the other kind of pine, her race started on its travels. People don't know what a gain there is to health by living in cities, the best parts of them, of course, for we know too well what the worst parts are. In the first place, you get rid of the noxious emanations which poison so many country localities with typhoid fevers and dysentery; not wholly rid of them, of course, but to a surprising degree. . . . A first-rate city-house is a regular *sanitarium*. The only trouble is, that the little good-for-nothings, that come of utterly used-up stock and ought to die, can't die to save their lives. So they grow up to dilute the vigor of the race with skim-milk vitality. They could have died like good children in most average country-places."

Although these comments appear in a popular literary paper, their source gives them all the authority of a medical and scientific opinion, and we recognize in them not the sentiments of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet and humorist, but of Dr. Holmes, the accomplished practitioner and man of science. Accepting them as true, it is obvious that our packed communities should not seek for air and elbow-room by settling in unhealthy suburbs, but in turning to best account our sewer, drained, paved, city thoroughfares. The question for us to determine is not how to get speedily into the malarious atmosphere of the country, but how to so live in the town that we may enjoy its conditions to the best advantage. We solve the problem by looking aloft. All we have to do is to build high houses, that shall be fire-proof, that shall have each floor isolated from every other, that shall be furnished with all the improvements that pertain to coöperative house-keeping, that shall be provided with ample machinery for reaching the various suites of rooms by steam; and, lastly, which shall have the roofs beautiful with flowers and fountains, and utilized for purposes of promenade and out-door recreation. Here we have the model town-house. Scientific ventilation would keep the atmosphere in such a house always pure, and scientific devices would carry off refuse. It would have no fever. It would be plagued with no insects. It would be far more healthful than the low, unventilated, damp, malaria-exposed country-house; more healthful, even, than the ordinary town-house. The sweetest, purest, most invigorating air our experience knows any thing about, lies only a few feet above us. Don't let us depopulate the town in order to build up rural marshes, with this perfect means for admirable town-living at our hands. The whole tide of emigration needs to be turned backward along our upper sky-spaces; it will certainly be turned back in some form if fever continues to infest the suburbs, and greatly to the general discomfort if some such means as have been here pointed out are not put in operation for the accommodation of the returning multitudes.

A great many of my readers will peruse this article mentally protesting against its conclusions. They are animated by the sentiment of the country, some of it traditional, and some of it perhaps genuine, and are wedded to that notion of peace and serenity and the loveliness of Nature which the poets have continually declaimed, but only occasionally believed in. The country is a very necessary place, practically; I thank Heaven for the country when I eat my first green peas, when the lettuce is crisp, when the potatoes are delicate and mealy, when the well-fed poultry comes to town, when the ruddy peach and the purple grape salute me at the fruit-stands. I love the country when I think of a mountain ramble; when I would imitate Izaak Walton, and meditate, with rod and reel, along the forest-shadowed brook; when the apple-orchards are in blossom; when the hills blaze with autumn foliage. But I protest against the ordinary dogmatism of rural people, which claims all the cardinal, and all the remaining virtues, for their rose-beds and cabbage-patches. The town bestows felicities higher in character than the country does; for men and women, and the works of men and women, are ever worthier our love and concern than the rocks and the hills. The contact with mind, with imagination, with fancy, with ideas and aspirations and discussions, with men of wit and purpose and intellectual struggle, that reward a stirring and animated town-life, is worth to the mind and to character more than dumb Nature at her best can bestow. That is the best-fortified soul which has experienced the fulness of town and the sweetness of country life; but nothing can be more absurd than the airs of superior moral and mental status which suburban folk are wont to assume. Life must be largely enriched with those experiences that pertain to a metropolis ere one can be fully capable of enjoying the beauty of rural retirement. Men must have the ceaseless friction of mankind in order to live ripely and develop fully; and here, in this fact alone, is a supreme reason why we should so order our great centres that life in town may be systematized to the best results.

Fortunately for my arguments in behalf of the town, there have been great men and lovable men who have proclaimed their preference for these paved concourses of men. No man can justly accuse me of trivial tastes with the example of grand old Dr. Samuel Johnson before him; and who would not have rather walked down Fleet Street with the honest old Urso Major, than sit drooping and dozing for a decade under a vine and fig-tree? And dear, familiar, gentle, but heroic Charles Lamb! Who may not love the shop-windows, the chop-houses, the theatres, the book-stalls, the town-sights of all sorts, when the noble Elia has wandered through and among them, drawing the happiest images, the most playful humor, the rarest fancy, the sweetest sentiment from them? After Charles Lamb all men may rise up and bless the streets! And then have we not also delightful Leigh Hunt and witty Douglas Jerrold in the ranks of the town's defenders? And then greater, stronger, loft-

ier than these, there come rising through the mist of the immediate past the shadows of Dickens and Thackeray. If ever spirits haunted the places they loved, then these devoted chroniclers of town-life still hover above and mingle amid the crowds it was once their delight to study and depict. Thackeray openly declared his want of sympathy for scenery. "I do not come here," he said, on the occasion of his visit to America, "to visit Niagara or to see your mountains and rivers. I want to meet your men and women." Both Dickens and Thackeray delighted in Broadway, and were never tired of wandering up and down its pavements, watching the throngs of travel and studying the faces of the people. Insensibility to the active and stirring aspects of the town often arises from dullness of imagination. The brighter and more impressive spirits have almost invariably preferred the contact of men to the solitude of Nature; and this preference will continue so long as people delight in the refinements of society and the fruits and products of civilization. And, in view of these facts, the duty before us is to recast our cities on better methods. We are now spending millions in New York in building underground railways, that lead only to half-settled wildernesses. It would be better for the real interests of the city if capitalists would build up the half-used and neglected spaces that lie in the heart of the town; would give us, instead of a collection of villages, a splendid metropolis, in which people may live in convenient and agreeable neighborhood to all the attractions of a city.

O. B. BURCK.

THE BELLS OF ST. MICHAEL'S.

VERY dear to the people of Charleston, South Carolina, is St. Michael's Church in that city, which is said to have been built after a model furnished by Sir Christopher Wren, and copied from St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London. The likeness to St. Martin's is so strong that no Charlestonian on coming to London needs have that church pointed out. The spire of St. Michael's, however, is much the more beautiful. Any one who had seen it would remember the church, with its old-fashioned mahogany pulpit, and great brass chandeliers, and high, black mahogany pews, where the devout might pray, and the careless sleep unseen. But chiefly were the people proud of their bells. There was no such chime in the colony when they were hung, and, after they had changed their tune of God save the King for Yankee Doodle, there never were any bells in New York or Boston that came up to them in their Fourth of July performances. Of all the works of man's hands, there is none which seems to have such a life of its own as bells. How they sympathize with the people, giving voice to their joys and their sorrows! How, with prophets' voices, they speak to each man in his own tongue! And how, sometimes, like mocking spirits, they urge the mad fury of the mob with peals of vengeance and triumph, which in the ears of the wiser few are a knell of despair!

When the British took Charleston in 1780, they stabled their horses in the church, and, unhooking the bells, sent them off to London, where they were dumped on the Tower wharf and left unnoticed for many years. At last, the Vestry of St. Michael's received a letter bidding them expect their bells by a certain ship sailing from London. The people went in procession to bring up from the ship their beloved bells, which they had never hoped to listen to again, and with prayers and thanksgivings they were replaced in the church tower. The pious benefactor never made himself known, but he was supposed to have been some British officer who had been at the taking of Charleston. For seventy years did those bells regulate the social life of the city. For, not only did they call to worship, and celebrate all occasions of public joy and sorrow, but nightly they rang a curfew which ruled everybody's movements. It was intended to warn the negroes home at nine o'clock in winter, ten in summer; after that hour they might not go into the streets without a written pass. The nimble negro often eluded the statute, giving leg-bail to the "guardman," but the whites put themselves under the rule, of their own accord. All visitors were expected to take leave at bell-ring, and they punctually departed at the same moment that Cuffy was brushing along to gain his gate before the tap of the drum should make him amenable to the law against strollers "after hours," as it was called.

It would not suit this sketch to recall the memories of the day when the United States flag, lowered from Fort Sumter, was brought up to the city; amid a hush so general, one might have thought the people repented them of their rash act, till some one ordered the bells to ring a mad clangor, and with shouts of exultation they drowned the voice that still warned them to forbear.

Time went on, and Charleston behind her defences of sand resisted all the efforts to carry her. During the five hundred (546) days of bombardment all the lower part of the town had to be abandoned. Houses and churches were shattered, the cannon-balls tore up the very graveyards, and the bones of the dead were scattered. Yet the spire of St. Michael's was untouched. Perhaps the cannoners tried to spare it—perhaps good angels guarded it. But, what neither the malice of the enemy nor the spite of Fortune did, the people themselves effected. For the bells were taken down and sent to Columbia, to be cast into cannon. General Beauregard, perhaps shocked at the desecration, pronounced them unfit for the purpose; and the fate, which heaped up at Columbia for safe-keeping every thing of value in the State, there detained the bells also. Then Sherman's army passed through, leaving its track as of lightning. A party of half-drunken soldiers, out for a lark and for plunder, were accosted by a negro who offered to show them the bells which had rung in secession. "Never," said the men, "shall they play that tune again!" and they smashed them into a hundred pieces.

Sad was the return to the desolated homes, and the meeting in the dumb church, to which

no miracle might now restore the voice of the chimes they loved.

But they were men of pluck still, and, as soon as they had shaken themselves up and provided for the first pressing needs, they resolved to tax themselves to the utmost to get a new chime.

Scarcely had the rector bread, and the vestry and congregation were all very poor, but they wrote to C. R. Prioleau, of London, to inquire the cost of a new set. This gentleman had lived so long in England as to have become almost an Englishman, with a fair English wife and bluff handsome English children, but his heart stirred at the recollection of the dear old voices that had called him in childhood, and he undertook the task with a loving zeal that brought about the most surprising results. There was no record at Charleston of where the bells came from. But Mr. Prioleau searched the directory for the oldest founders of the city, and went from one to the other, until at Meares & Co., White Chapel, London, a firm which has been in existence three hundred years, he found, by patient examination, the record of bells cast for St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C., in 1759. The proportions of the metal, and sizes of the bells, were all entered in the books; and the present Meares engaged to turn out a new set which, when hung, should make the Charlestonians themselves think they heard their veritable old bells. But Mr. Prioleau was not content with this; he wrote back to have all the fragments that could be found sent out—and this was done. Meanwhile, Meares found still in their service an old man of seventy-six, who had been apprentice under the very foreman who, more than a hundred years before, had cast those bells; and he, stimulated by Prioleau's generosity, never rested till he brought to light the very original moulds for the castings. Into them the new metal was melted with careful distribution of the broken fragments, so as to make the illusion a reality. All that was wanting to make up the cast, Mr. Prioleau added, and the reward of his perseverance and generosity was to send to the vestry these new bells, which are the very old ones still. Again, did the congregation with tears and thanksgiving receive the bells from this their fifth voyage across the Atlantic, and hung them up in St. Michael's steeple.

May they never again be removed by the rough hand of War, or ever sound aught but peace on earth and good-will toward men!

MRS. PETIGRU CARSON.

THE CALIPH'S MAGNANIMITY.

I.

A TRAVELLER across the desert waste
Found on his way a cool, palm-shaded
spring,
And the fresh water seemed to his pleased
taste,

In all the world, the most delicious thing.
"Great is the caliph!" said he; "I for him
Will fill my leathern bottle to the brim."

II.

He sank the bottle, forcing it to drink
Until the gurgle ceased in its lank throat,
Then started on once more, and smiled to
think

He bore for thirst God's only antidote.
Days after, with obeisance low and meet,
He laid his present at the caliph's feet.

III.

And soon the issue of the spring was poured
In a gold cup, on whose embossed outside
Jewels, like solid water, shaped a gourd.

The caliph drank and seemed well satisfied,
Nay, wisely pleased, and straightway gave
command
To line with gold the man's work-hardened
hand.

IV.

The courtiers now, seeing the round reward,
Fancied some unheard, wondrous virtue
graced
The bottled burden borne for their loved lord,
And of the liquid gift asked but to taste.
The caliph answered from his potent throne,
"Touch not the water; it is mine alone!"

V.

But when, soon after, the humble giver went,
O'erflowing with delight, which bathed his
face,
The caliph told his courtiers the intent
Of his denial, saying: "It is base
Not to accept a kindness, if 'tis pressed
With no low motive of self-interest."

VI.

"The water was a gift of love to me
Which I with golden gratitude repaid.
I would not let the honest giver see
That, on its way, the crystal of the shade
Had changed, and was impure. And so, no
less,
His love, if scorned, had turned to bitterness."

VII.

"I granted not the warm, distasteful draught
To asking lips, because of firm mistrust,
Or kindly fear, that, if another quaffed,
He would reveal his feeling of disgust,
And he who meant a favor would depart,
Bearing a wounded and dejected heart."

VIII.

O springs of kindness in life's desert found,
O'er-shaded fondly by the palms of peace,
Rise everywhere, and in each heart abound,
That strife and anger may decline and
cease!
No traveller need fear to give from thee,
For there is naught can mar thy purity.

HENRY ARDEY.

TABLE-TALK.

A WRITER of the Mill school, in the current number of the *Westminster Review*, who claims and deserves the title of "philosophical radical," discusses, with considerable force, the old but by no means yet solved question how expression may be best given to the will of a free nation. He makes a scientific analysis of "sovereignty," dividing it first into supreme government and subordinate government, the first directing and regulating the body politic, the second administering and working the political machinery; these again into monarchies, pleonarchies, and synarchies, according to their form; and despotisms and commonwealths, according to their nature. The English Government he classifies as a synarchal commonwealth, that is, a free state governed by a union of monarchal and pleonarchal elements. The most interesting part of his essay, however, is where he advocates the adoption of proportional representation, either by Hare's system or some modification of it. The idea in a nutshell is, that minorities should not be shut out, as they now are, from any representation whatever, but that every voter in the nation should have his representation in Parliament. "The principle is," says the reviewer, "that every voter should exercise his franchise by one vote; that every elected member should be elected by a unanimous constituency; that every constituency should be equal in numbers." In order to obtain this, the process would be to "divide the whole number of votes cast (throughout the kingdom) by the whole number of seats to be filled, and the quotient will be the number of votes required to seat a member at an election." There would thus no longer be local, but personal constituencies. Anybody might vote for anybody, no matter where either resided. If any candidate received more votes than the requisite quota to elect him, then, according to Dobbs's plan, which the reviewer prefers, he might transfer his surplus votes to some other candidate who had not enough, acting in consort with his constituents, and following their wishes as to whom he should thus favor. Thereby, the reviewer maintains, every class and every interest would be fully represented in Parliament exactly according to its numerical strength in the electorate. "Some will represent localities, some will represent various political principles, some religious bodies, some trades, some professions." The difficulties in the way of such a system would disappear when it got into fair working-order; it would be the first step that would cost. The reviewer insists the more strenuously upon this idea, since he is strongly opposed to an extension of the suffrage, and to a more equal redistribution of parliamentary seats, and does not conceal his hostility to the ballot. With John Stuart Mill, he considers it the business of radical

statesmanship rather to develop electoral perfection in the present constituency, than to arrive more nearly at the will of the nation by widening its limits so as to include the laboring-classes. It would be very interesting to see proportional representation, which really means the perfect representation of minorities in their true relationship to majorities tried; though the difficulties in the way of its practical operation, in a land of settled precedent like England, would, it seems, be wellnigh insuperable.

— In a recent number of this JOURNAL we called attention to the question of supplying animal food to the dense masses of people in England and in the Eastern States who cannot, on the lands which surround them, raise stock sufficient for their wants. In England there are few problems more interesting than this, and we are glad to believe that it is on the eve of solution. In this country we cannot only provide for our own wants, but, if our resources are sufficiently utilized, the British market may derive from us a large supply of live cattle. The cattle-trade of these States is only at its beginning. In the vast State of Texas, cattle roam in limitless herds, and behind this State is the great grazing-region of Western Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, and Wyoming. The cattle of Texas are being constantly brought to the central markets of Schuyler, on the Union-Pacific road, and Abilene, on the Kansas-Pacific road. They are driven to these markets on the old Scotch system of droving; and, so far from losing in quality by the journey, the stock are usually in better condition when sold at Schuyler and Abilene than when the animals are first collected into sale-herds. From these stations the fat cattle are shipped to Chicago, there slaughtered, and the carcasses dispatched East. A very small portion of the trade, however, is thus accounted for. In Western Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, and Wyoming, systematic stock-farming is beginning to flourish. The Texan cattle are strong, bony animals, and cross well with the Durham. In these regions the crossing is being effected; and a splendid flesh-forming animal is the result. In a few years the central plains will be covered with herds; and thence England, as well as our Eastern markets, can be largely supplied. The construction of railroads will proceed *pari passu* with the settlement of the country, and it will be quite easy to ship live cattle to the Eastern ports, whence they can be conveyed to England in eight or ten days. We are not indulging in a dream, but speaking of practicable enterprise. England is vainly striving to utilize the Australian beef and mutton, and is seeking to obtain live cattle from South America. It is the living animal that she wants most, but the long sea-voyage, through stormy and torrid regions, is a serious obstacle to the South-American trade. From our Eastern ports,

however, the voyage would be easy. All that is wanted is a line of steamers especially constructed for the traffic, and, with these, cattle fed upon Indian-corn and a little hay might be disembarked in England in substantially as good condition as when first shipped. A trade of this kind, properly organized, could not fail to be successful. England can always afford to pay from fourteen to twenty cents per pound for good, fresh beef, and in these prices there would be sufficient margin to allow of a remunerative profit. We believe that, in a few years, we shall see a large and profitable trade in cattle between the United States and England—a trade that will benefit both nations, and help to develop and build up our new central States on a healthy and solid basis.

— How to protect so immense a conglomeration of humanity as London from its own marauders, assassins, and thieves, is a difficult problem not yet satisfactorily solved. London never has obtained a police wholly to its mind; it has always looked with envy upon Paris, whose police-system, under Napoleon III., worked with the regularity of a delicate piece of mechanism. A population of some three and a half millions is kept in such peace as is possible by a police force of seven and a half thousand. A recent report by the chief commissioner of the London police indicates, however, that, considering the vastness of the capital, it is very fairly guarded. The discharges from the police force for nonfeasance and malfeasance are but few; and a very large majority of the offenders against the law are duly apprehended. Burglary and larceny have decreased during the past year, while drunkenness has increased; something like thirty thousand persons, in various stages of inebriety, are arrested and fined yearly, notwithstanding Permission Bills and License Acts. A suggestive item in the report is the number of Londoners reported as "lost" during the year. We were not prepared to find that, even in that congregation of cities, the "mysterious disappearances" annually reach the figure of nearly six thousand, of whom the police succeed in finding and restoring to agonized friends all but a very few. At the end of the last year, out of five thousand seven hundred and fifty-three "lost," only four children and sixty-five adults were still missing. The proportion of lost children to lost adults is about as two to one; the wonder is that so many grown persons, proportionally to irresponsible infants, miss their way or are hustled into an ominous oblivion. It is a serious fact, well worthy the attention of "my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards," that London cabbies, carters, and bus-drivers, run over between two and three thousand people in the course of a year, putting the light of life out of a hundred or more. The dangers of the streets, what with reckless driving, the throwing of crockery

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out of windows, the falling of roof-tiles, and other contingencies, are more serious than those of the railway or the ocean-steamer. The police find themselves overpowered by the immense caravans of trade or pleasure which well through the main arteries of the town at certain hours; and, after they have done their best, an alarming total of accidents remains. The evidences given by the commissioner, that the Londoners have only themselves to blame for many of the successful burglaries which take place, are curious. The police found, during the past year, six hundred doors and windows left open through the night, fifty-seven keys remaining in the locks, ten shutter-bars boltless, five cellar-flaps unfastened, and fourteen area-gratings left loose. The citizen should be an auxiliary of the police, not an accessory of the burglar; his forgetfulness often proves the rascal's opportunity.

— The system upon which honors are distributed in England is a strange one. It depends almost entirely upon the will of the prime-minister; but scarcely any prime-minister seems to care or dare, as the case may be, to deviate from the beaten track of precedent. Much was said, when Lord Macaulay was raised to a peerage, of the novelty of that honor being conferred for literary services; but it is very doubtful whether Macaulay would ever have had a coronet had he been merely an author. When he was ennobled he had for years been a minister of state in more than one administration, a member of Parliament, a member of the Supreme Council of India, and last, but not least, a strenuous political partisan. So, again, with Lord Lytton. It was Bulwer, the political country-gentleman, rather than the playwright or novelist, who was rewarded, though of course his literary distinction contributed largely to his advancement. Mr. Gladstone has been more liberal than his predecessors in bestowing honors on medicine and music. On many eminent members of the former craft baronetcies have been bestowed, while knighthood has been conferred on Sir Michael Costa and Sir Sterndale Bennett. The last artist ennobled is of a different profession, again—an architect. The line of the baronetage appears to be drawn here. Mayors who entertain princes, doctors who kill or cure them, enjoy hereditary honors, but not so those who build their palaces and cathedrals. Sir John Vanbrugh, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, were knights only; and a similar dignity appears to be thought good enough for the most eminent English architect of this century—George Gilbert Scott. Indeed, it is questionable if he would have got even this had he not been fortunate enough to please the queen in his monument to Prince Albert. Sir Gilbert is son of a clergyman, and grandson of the late Rev. Thomas Scott, the well-known commentator on the Bible. He was born in 1811, in Buckinghamshire, where his father

held a small incumbency. The first work which made his name known was the Martyrs' Memorial, in Oxford, erected in 1840, followed by churches at Leeds, Doncaster, the large church of St. Nicholas, and also the Hôtel-de-Ville and Senate House, at Hamburg, the Cathedral of St. John's, Newfoundland, etc. He has been largely employed in the restoration of cathedrals (including Ely, Salisbury, St. David's, Lichfield, Hereford, and Ripon); and, in 1849, became architect to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, in which capacity he recently has superintended the restoration of the Chapter-house, and built the new Foreign and Indian Offices. He was chosen an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1852, and admitted to the full honors of that body in 1860. Sir Gilbert is the author of professional works of high merit, including "A Plea for the Faithful Restoration of our Ancient Churches," a volume on "Secular Domestic Architecture," and another on "Westminster Abbey."

— Another of the romantic delusions of our youth has been rudely swept away by the ceaseless and penetrating discoveries of this all-inquiring age. Already we have been forced to doubt the existence of a William Tell, and the exploits of a William Wallace; we are asked to believe that Lucrezia Borgia was, if not quite a model of mediæval ladyhood, at least not much worse than other royal or noble ladies of her time; that Bacon wrote Shakespeare; that Aaron Burr was almost an exemplary character, and that Henry VIII. was a fine specimen of the bluff and hearty, and by no means wicked, Englishman of his day. What the stump-orators will do for a crushing simile, in place of that upon which they have drawn so liberally, and with so striking an effect, "the car of Juggernaut," it is difficult to tell. Juggernaut was a fine Oriental name and tradition, and Juggernaut's supposed office fitted exactly to the idea, vividly present to the stump-orator's mind, that the opposite party was crushing and grinding down the people with corruption and tyranny. Unfortunately, Juggernaut—or, to spell the word more correctly, *Jagan-natha*—turns out to be a very harmless though still cumbersome old deity. He is a hideous and repulsive, but not ordinarily a destructive, idol. He represents, in the Hindostanee faith, the idea of incarnation, and is the visible image of Vishnu, the supreme god, presented thus uncouthly to the eyes of men. His history is to be found in the "Ramayana," the great epic of Hindostan, and includes a romantic legend about Siva, Jagan-natha's wife, who was carried off by a giant, and was restored by the miraculous, though rather humble, aid of a monkey. In early July the festival of Jagan-natha is kept almost universally among the Bengalee Hindoos, and almost every town and village has its ponderous Jagan-natha car, which is dragged out for the occasion, the god and his faithful

wife sitting aloft, carved in neem-wood and sandal-wood, and duly bathed, to the singing of the sacred "Ram-yatra" hymn. Sometimes Siva, who is always represented as a trifle less hideous than her lord, is favored with diamond eyes, and robes of cloth-of-gold, while emeralds twinkle on her breast, and pearls beam from her enormous and crooked fingers. By accident, at the last festival at Serampore, two people were crushed under the wheels of the big car; and so unusual a catastrophe was this that the populace bitterly complained of Jagan-natha for so ungratefully repaying the efforts of his children to drag him forth from the temple. This Jagan-natha, it appears, was perched on a car some fifty feet high, with sixteen wheels, and it was with difficulty drawn to the traditional bath. The truth is, that the custom of self-immolation under Jagan-natha's car has long been a thing of the past, the British authorities in India having found means to dissuade the Hindoos from the practice.

— We referred, some time ago, to the efforts of the German Government to prevent the exodus of its citizens to this country. It now appears that Herr Bismarck's threats have had no effect on the migration, which has increased of late rather than diminished. In the month of September alone over ten thousand Germans arrived at this port. Since January 1st nearly ninety-eight thousand have landed, an increase of about thirty-eight thousand over the corresponding period of last year. In Berlin it is estimated that, if the emigration continues in a like proportion until the beginning of the next year, the numbers will be double what they were in the years preceding the war. The disquietude of the German Government is caused by the fact that most of the emigrants are young men who leave home to escape military service. By the emperor's orders, a circular was issued by the Minister of War, last July, which, it was hoped, would have some effect in stopping the tide. A second circular has just been published, couched in more threatening terms. It recalls to youths about leaving the country that they render themselves liable to the severest penalties, and that, if they persist, they will be made outlaws for life. A special service is being instituted for the surveillance of the districts whence the emigrants mainly come, and the most energetic measures are to be taken to suppress the movement. It would seem from these facts as if the "Vaterland" was not as popular with the ruled as with the rulers; but this would scarcely be a fair deduction. The German loves his country much, but his liberty more; and the government of William can hardly be claimed to be conducive to liberty. The onerous burden of compulsory military service is the most difficult to bear, and it is not strange that the young men subject to it should seek a land where it is not necessary to devote the best years of their

life to learning the use of a musket. The Prussian system, which achieved such wonderful results in the late conflict with France, can exist only under a despotism: Germans will not submit to it forever, even to achieve Teutonic unity; and what has been Germany's salvation may yet prove to be Germany's bane.

— There is something really grand in the march of civilization over our Western prairies. During the fiscal year 1871 over ten million seven hundred thousand acres passed from the dominion of the government into private hands. This would make nearly seventy thousand farm-homes of one hundred and sixty acres each, equivalent to three States a year of the size of Massachusetts, and with agricultural capacities that the Bay State never knew. In Kansas and Nebraska alone over fifteen thousand entries were made within the year under the homestead law. These entries represent a population of fifty thousand added to these two States on lands freely presented them by government, besides a large number who acquired their homes by purchase. Each year witnesses an increasing number on our extreme frontier direct from Europe. Perhaps one-half of our Western gain comes from foreign immigrants; and now we hear that forty thousand Russians are coming at one time, and probably to one place. Our national advance on our Western frontier, on a line drawn from the British dominions to Mexico, is not far from sixteen miles a year. Where railroads or river-bottoms summon the advancing population, this line juts forward and makes a salient angle; while mountain and marsh are apt to delay the movement of the squatter, and thus tend to retard civilization. But slowly and steadily the advancing column moves on, and the child is now living who is to see the whole of the magnificent territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific converted into happy homes.

— The Bureau of Education has been busily engaged of late in gathering up the statistics of the occupation of college graduates in New England. Of the four thousand two hundred and eighteen graduates of the four principal institutions—Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, and Wesleyan University—a trifle more than thirty-three per cent. were lawyers, twenty-six per cent. clergymen, nearly fourteen per cent. instructors, and thirteen per cent. physicians. Eighty-six per cent. of our college graduates are, therefore, swallowed up in the four professions of law, ministry, instruction, and medicine. The remaining fourteen per cent. engage in commerce, manufactures, etc. More than forty per cent. of the Harvard alumni are lawyers; more than forty-five per cent. of the Wesleyan graduates enter the ministry. Yale gives one-third of her sons to the law, less than one-fourth to the ministry.

— That our college graduates are among the healthiest part of the community is evident from an investigation of the triennial catalogue of Dartmouth College. Of the six hundred and eighteen members who were graduated between 1771 and 1799, three hundred and thirty-one, or more than fifty per cent., died over sixty years of age. One hundred and thirty-one of these died between eighty and one hundred years old, and one over one hundred. Well may the Bureau of Education say that "this is probably unequalled by any neurological table except that of the antediluvian patriarchs!"

Correspondence.

To the Editor of *Appleton's Journal*.

IN the interesting sketch of Atlanta, published in No. 184 of your valuable JOURNAL, there are two statements which strike me with so much surprise that I desire, with your permission, to call attention to them, in order to elicit a correction, if inaccurate (as I suspect them of being), or authoritative confirmation, if true.

The first is, that the engagement at and near Jonesboro, Georgia, between the Federal and Confederate forces, August 31, 1864, "ended in the total rout of the Confederates," etc.

It is true, as stated by your correspondent, that the Confederates were "overpowered" on this occasion, and were forced to evacuate Atlanta; but that there was a *rout*, or any thing approaching to a rout, I failed to discover, though present in person in the action at Jonesboro. I have never seen stated in any history or official report of the operations there, nor from any source have I ever heard of the *rout* before. Upon the evidence of my own senses, confirmed by the general belief in the South, I would say that the Confederates fell back in good order to Lovejoy's Station, a few miles below Jonesboro, threw up intrenchments, and awaited attack as usual, until the armistice was agreed upon.

The other statement is, that, during the armistice referred to, "about seven thousand of the inhabitants" (of Atlanta) "were allowed to leave, with their household effects, and pass through the Confederate lines."

It has heretofore been my impression that the seven (or ten) thousand were *forced*, by the express order of General Sherman, to leave their homes and household effects, there being no transportation for the latter, even if permission had been given to remove them.

The vast crowd of people from Atlanta which poured through the Confederate lines during the ten days' armistice presented a spectacle of destitution, terror, and despair, which beggars description. They declared that they were expelled from the city.

If, however, this is a mistake, after all, I, for one, would be glad to see it corrected by authoritative information on the subject, for the sake of historical truth.

H.

GREENVILLE, ALA.

Scientific Notes.

IN continuation of a series of interesting experiments on the melting and regelation of ice, Mr. Aitken, of England, has discovered that solid bodies, of considerable size, may be introduced into blocks of ice, in such a man-

ner as shall give the appearance of their having been contained in the liquid previous to the freezing. The phenomena of regelation, as described and illustrated by Professor Thompson, may be rendered clear by a simple experiment. Over a block of ice, either supported on two boards, placed nearly together, or held firmly between the jaws of a carpenter's vice, a loop of fine wire is passed, to the lower side of which a suitable weight is attached. Thus arranged, the wire will cut its way into and finally through the block; and yet not only will there be no division, but all traces of the passage of the wire will have disappeared, the ice remaining as solid as before. The cause of this refreezing or regelation of the ice along the line of division is explained by Professor Thompson, on the theory that the freezing-point of water is lowered by pressure, and also that ice has a tendency to melt, when forces are applied which tend to change its form. The ice being, therefore, at a lower temperature below the wire, a transfer of heat takes place from above, which, in turn, leaves the water that has passed around the wire at a temperature sufficiently below the freezing-point to cause it to again congeal, thus closing up the cavity made by the passage of the wire. In order to *prove* that the refreezing was due to the withdrawal of latent heat, from the overlying strata of water, Mr. Aitken adopted the following means: When the wire above mentioned had passed half-way through the block, the loop was cut and the weight removed, thus leaving it enclosed in and surrounded by a wall of ice. To one end of this wire a silver coin was attached by its centre, and then drawn down against the surface of the block by the aid of a weight attached to the opposite end. Thus it was found easy to embed this coin in the centre of the block; for, as the metal was a ready conductor of heat, the passage of it was in no wise obstructed; but, when a thin layer of India-rubber—a non-conductor—was placed against the upper surface of the metal disk, it was found that, even with a weight of ninety pounds, applied for four hours, the coin sank only a short distance—a result which would seem to establish the fact that there was, in the first case, a passage of heat through the metal, and that, by the introduction of a non-conductor, this passage was obstructed.

The frequent recurrence of explosions in the English collieries has demonstrated that the Davy safety-lamp, though sound in principle, is defective in an important particular, namely, that the lamp, attached, as it must needs be, to the cap of the miner, was thus out of sight, and could, therefore, give no decided warning of the presence of the explosive gases until too late for an escape from the infected locality. Hence the discovery or invention of a lamp which would act as a *signal* to the workmen, became one of literally vital importance. From a report, given in *Nature*, of the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, recently held in Glasgow, we learn that a paper was read by Dr. A. K. Irvine, "on a new miner's safety-lamp," in which the principle of the "singing flame" is applied in a most effective manner. The invention described is of a most ingenious character, and is likely to prove of great service in coal-mines troubled with explosive gases; since, besides serving the purpose of an ordinary safety-lamp, it sounds a note of warning to the workman the moment the air around becomes so charged with fire-damp as to be dangerous or explosive. The principle of the lamp is based on the fact that, when a mixture of any in-

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flammable gas or vapor with air, in explosive proportions, is lighted on the surface of wire gauze, having meshes sufficiently small to prevent the passage of flame, and a suitable tube or chimney is placed above, so as to prevent admission to the chimney except through the wire gauze, a musical sound is produced, varying in pitch with the size of the flame and dimensions of the chimney. The actual practical value of this invention was demonstrated by placing lamps thus constructed in mixtures of air, with ordinary coal-gas, when they at once indicated danger as soon as the atmosphere by which they were surrounded contained sufficient gas to be dangerous, by giving forth a strong, clear sound, like that of a horn, which could be heard at a considerable distance. In addition to the portable lamp, it was proposed to have certain ones, of increased size and vocal power, stationed at given points in the galleries, which would serve as general signals. So satisfactory were the operations of this lamp, and so important the purpose to be served, that the inventor received the hearty thanks of the Institute; while arrangements were made for at once testing its merits by its practical employment in some of the English collieries noted for *fire-damp*, by which name these explosive gases are familiarly known.

The committee appointed by the British Association to investigate "the rate of increase of underground temperature downward, and in various localities of dry land and water," have already secured many valuable facts relating to the rate of increase in temperature at stated distances below the earth's surface. Of these results, the most complete and reliable were furnished by the engineers engaged in sinking an artesian well at La Chapelle, a northern suburb of Paris. About the 30th of June last the secretary of this committee received from Messrs. Manget, Lippman & Co., who have charge of the boring, two complete sets of observations, taken on the 14th and 15th of that month, at every one-hundredth metre of depth. As this report, in tabulated form, may be of value as a standard for comparison to those engaged in similar investigations nearer home, it is given in full, the metre standing for 3.28 English feet.

DEPTH IN METERS.	FIRST SERIES. JUNE 14-15.		SECOND SERIES. JUNE 17-18.	
	Temp. Fah.	Time down.	Temp. Fah.	Time d'n.
100.....	58°	0 35	58	3 0
200.....	61.1	0 30	61	2 0
300.....	65.0	0 30	65	2 30
400.....	69.0	3 10	69	11 30
500.....	72.6	0 30	72.6	2 0
600.....	75.8	0 30	75.4	2 0
660.....	83.25	15 45	88.25	2 0

It will be observed, as the most interesting feature of this report, that, with the exception of the last sixty metres, the rate of increase was strikingly regular; while the agreement between the two sets was so close as to insure their correctness, and justify the committee in reporting that an upright Negretti thermometer may be depended upon to the tenth of a degree. In continuation of these investigations, it is stated that Father Secchi is about to enter upon a series of observations, concerning terrestrial magnetism and temperature, within the Mont-Cenis Tunnel. Observations of a similar character are also being made by the engineers of the Hoosac Tunnel, under the direction of Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. The total length of

this tunnel will be four and three-quarter miles, about two-thirds of which are already completed. The summits of the two mountain-ranges, beneath which the tunnel leads, are respectively seventeen hundred and twenty and fourteen hundred and twenty feet above the level of the bore. As these investigations have a direct bearing upon the main question of the physical constitution of our globe, scientists await the results with more than usual interest.

In an address on the *Sequoia* and its history, delivered before the American Association at Dubuque, Professor Gray referred to the size and age of the far-famed sequoia-trees of California, and the Australian gum-trees (*Eucalypta*), as follows: "Some, we are told, rise so high that they might even cast a flicker of shadow upon the summit of the Pyramid of Cheops. Yet the oldest of them doubtless grew from seed which was shed long after the names of the pyramid-builders had been forgotten. So far as we can judge from the actual counting of the layers of several trees, no sequoia now alive can sensibly antedate the Christian era. . . . It is probable that close to the heart of some of the living trees may be found the circle that records the year of our Saviour's nativity." This opinion, which may justly be regarded as authoritative and final, has an important bearing upon certain geological questions, since it goes to prove that the most recent violent geological changes that have occurred in that region must have terminated at a period prior to the advent of the Christian era.

Among the many interesting natural wonders discovered by the members of the Hasler Expedition, were the floating stems of the giant kelp of the South-Pacific *Macrocystis*, which sometimes attain the length of five hundred or one thousand feet, being a foot in diameter, and resembling the trunks of trees!

Drama, Music, and Art.

THE dramatic season in New York so far has been marked by several new plays, and the reappearance of a few old favorites. "Diamonds," an American comedy, so called, maintains its place at Fifth-Avenue Theatre, although sharply censured by the critics on the occasion of its first production, in September. Its attractiveness is due to its very brilliant setting, to the superb toilets of the ladies in the play, and to a certain liveliness in its scenes. As an artistic or a literary performance, it is scarcely worth criticism.—Sardou's "Agnes," which we have previously noticed, continues popular at the new Union-Square Theatre; and the musical spectacle "Roi Carrote" still dazzles admiring crowds at the Grand Opera-House. At Booth's Theatre there have been no new plays, but Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault have appeared there, after an absence of nearly twelve years, and at this writing have repeated without interruption Boucicault's romantic drama of "Arrah na Pogue." Their success has been very great, but no greater than they deserve. Without decided dramatic genius, they are almost perfect as artists. Without exaggeration, with almost entire freedom from theatrical mannerisms, with the nicest perceptions, with the purest taste, they supply perfect pictures of the characters they represent, and succeed in investing them with a notable charm. Mr. Boucicault has lost a little suspicion of amateurishness that clung to him when here before; and Mrs. Boucicault, although more than a decade older,

is as fresh, charming, gentle, and admirable, as ever.

The most surprising and perhaps interesting event of the season, so far, has been the production of a classical comedy at Wallack's. It is called "Pygmalion and Galatea," and is founded upon the Greek legend of the statue endowed with life by the gods, in response to the prayer of the sculptor who had chiselled it. But the comedy differs in its story from the tradition. In this new version Pygmalion is married, and Galatea, the vivified statue, comes only to bring family differences and discords. The story is as follows: "Pygmalion is shown to us married, and the vivified statue is introduced into the domestic circle for poetic retribution. Galatea is the personification of purity and innocence, although moved by the passions and emotions of ordinary women. She is born with a tender but overpowering love for her creator, the sculptor. Pygmalion is devoted to his wife, Cynisca; and the ardent devotion of the beautiful Galatea, and her ignorance of the laws which govern society, produce the most interesting and humorous complication. The wife, naturally jealous of so beautiful and so devoted a creature, invokes blindness upon her apparently faithless spouse. No sooner does Pygmalion lose his eyesight, and all that it afforded his sensuous artist-soul, than he bewails the day he chiselled the beautiful Galatea, and, no longer influenced by her beauty, he admits to her that his heart is still his wife's. Then Galatea implores the gods to petrify her again, and her petition is granted. She reascends the pedestal, and returns to stone, leaving the sculptor restored to sight and to his wife." The play is written in smooth and elegant blank verse; it is constructed with an approach to the Greek unities; and it is pervaded throughout with a poetical charm that those who witness it will long remember. Especial praise must be bestowed upon Miss Rogers, who enacts the part of Galatea. Her classical figure and air of supreme refinement accord well with the idea of the part, even if her features lack a little of the beauty the text calls for; while her acting exhibits a delicate and subtle appreciation of the requirements of the character and the scene. Cynisca, Pygmalion's wife, is not so fortunately placed. Pygmalion, in the hands of Mr. Boniface, is quietly and artistically rendered. That a comedy so classical in sentiment and construction, so pure in tone and incident, so free from all the meretricious devices and sensations that so many of our plays depend upon for public favor, should have achieved a great success in London, and large appreciation here, is a notable fact in the history of the stage.

The musical season opened well, though presenting, as usual, some grave contrasts with the thunder of the index. That which we were literally promised has, in general, been given; much which was implied, or vaguely held out to hope, has been withheld, or come tardily off. That the great tenor Mario, at his more than ripe age, and after his repeated withdrawals from the stage, should have anything but the relics of his noble voice and charming method to offer us was what no sensible person for a moment supposed. Experience has confirmed the prophecy, and the tour of the once famous tenor will offer to the choicest public much food for reflection and affectionate reminiscence, with little for present enjoyment. Carlotta Patti is as brilliant, perhaps, as ever in certain points of vocal pyrotechnics and exceptional execution, but far from thoroughly satisfactory in the broad-

er and richer elements of passion, feeling, and a sincere method. Carreno plays charmingly even now, and, if youth, beauty, and girlish gayety, do not obstruct hard labor at the piano-forte, will ripen to a noble *artiste*. The same may be said of the violinist Sauret, who, as a lad, is graceful, whimsical, and delicate, rather than firm and strong. Cary is, as always, delightful for her wealth of voice and large, honest, simple method; and Ronconi, with his splendid artistic skill and racy humor, makes our hearts ache that voices should pass with the years.

In the Rubinstein troupe the instrumental element is all super-excellent, the vocal portion well-nigh beneath criticism. That the great pianist has taken our people by storm with his wonderful power, and swept away all doubt, coldness, or cavil, in one tide of electric sympathy and applause, is no news to any one. We can but add our modest word to the general verdict, and admire how in him the graces of the spirit and the acquired powers of the *physique* are blended to one harmonious whole—interpenetrating execution with thought, and adding the fire of the poet to the skill of the perfected mechanist. That he was an able and imaginative composer was well known to amateurs, but laymen and *conoscanti* alike have had a new sensation in hearing his own performance of his own works.

Wieniawski is, beyond almost all question, the most finished and forcible violinist who has yet appeared on our concert-stage. If in him *technique* may seem to slightly predominate over feeling, it is, probably enough, the result of his exceptional mechanical skill; and it is safe to say that he would touch our feelings more if he could be content to amaze us less. The lady-vocalists of the company—as immature in the one case as over-ripe in the other—do fair service as a sort of *washer* against the too great strain and shock of artistic sensation roused by their colleagues; but, if the management could decide to leave them in a sort of honorary retirement for the rest of the season, it is doubtful if the public would notice the loss.

Luca burst upon us like the northern star she is—brilliant, fiery, strong, but not, like the star, cold, distant, or impalpable. She is incarnate realism, in contradistinction with the idealism of her great predecessor; and if Nilsson, as so often said, is moonlight, Luca stands for the warmth of summer noon, the rich fragrance of tropic breezes. So far as heard at the moment of writing, she has given us a fine, vigorous, dramatic Selika, and an impulsive, passionate, realistic Margharita, full of life-blood and womanly intensity, rather than the chaste and colder simplicity of the Swedish ideal. It will be interesting to hear her in lighter and more sparkling *roles*, where her sanguine temperament and vigorous *physique* are said to find utterance in a most electric energy, and to lend her interpretation a peculiar grace and charm.

Miss Kellogg comes back with her voice—allowing for the effect of a momentary cold—as fresh, and her execution as brilliant, facile, and correct, as ever. Were her dramatic conception and earnestness on a level with her vocalism, we might rest content with our American prima-donna, and look no farther.

Of the rest of the troupe, Janet, our old friend the basso, is, as all know, a conscientious artist and capital executant; Moriani, the baritone, promises better as singer than as actor; and the others have been so harried with colds and *contre-temps* of all kinds as to make a premature criticism both hasty and unkind.

The Sunday-evening concerts at Irving Hall and the Grand Opera-House promise a new element in popular music, and will call for mention in future.

At Goupil's gallery, in this city, may be seen two or three really noteworthy pictures, excellent specimens each of the schools they respectively represent. Bouguereau is, as our art-loving readers will remember, known for his discreet blending of sweetness and simplicity in feeling with correctness and fairly minute finish in execution—never, however, for a moment allowing the manner to overbalance or obscure the matter. The present bit amply sustains his reputation. A woman—young but not in her first youth, comely and fair but not sensuous, handsomely but not luxuriously dressed—kneels in the midst of a richly-furnished room, and holds a sea-shell to the ear of her child, a little girl of some six or eight years, who stands encircled by the mother's arm, and drawn close against her shoulder. It is a lovely piece—a little poem in itself. Grouping, drawing, and expression, are alike admirable. The gentle, affectionate, half-tender, half-amused interest of the mother, as she bends her head to look into the child's face; the awe-struck wonder and curiosity—rising almost to painful anxiety—in the clear-blue eyes of the little girl, as she half turns to catch the mystic message from the sea, and gazes up in rapt absorption of listening—all make up a little idyl redolent with sweet poetic feeling and a thoughtful pathos which suggests both tears and smiles. Nothing could be more judicious than the carefully-managed half-light on the features of the mother (an actual head, apparently, and continually repeated in the artist's works), and the higher light on the child's face and figure. The flesh is beautifully modelled, with just the right blending of finish and breadth; and the tone, though it might be warmer, could hardly be so without detracting from the delicate spiritual import of the group. Dress and accessories are faithfully but not pragmatically or obtrusively handled, and the cool half-tone of the room and light accords admirably with the intention of the picture.

Cot's original version, "Meditation," of which a *replica* was on exhibition at the gallery last year, is worth more extended notice than it received at the time. The title has been called a misnomer, and, in fact, hardly suffices the evident import of the painting. A girl of sixteen stands, directly facing the spectator, in some cool, shadowy church-aisle, apparently; while the bright light from an upper widow falls sharp athwart her figure, catching on her cheek and shoulder, nestling in the transparent masses of her golden hair, and lighting up her features by reflection from the pages of the prayer-book in her hands. She has just looked up from her reading—her attention drawn by some approaching footstep—and gazes forward at the spectator with eyes still soft and dewy with the light of peaceful and devotional meditation, and a look of calm and trustful innocence, tinged with childlike curiosity, which seems almost the especial achievement and privilege of this school. For Cot is a pupil of Bouguereau, and both paint such eyes as we shall find it hard to discover elsewhere, except in the works of Merle, an artist of kindred tendency. The dress is severe, almost rigid, in its simplicity, and sets off in hard and cold outlines against the intense darkness of the background; but here, as in the piece above mentioned, we find nothing but intention and discreet suggestion. The thought of the work is utter simplicity—vir-

ginal freshness, and youth, and innocence—and here, again, warmth of color or richness of detail would have jarred on the feeling, though the extreme hardness of the treatment may seem to stretch a point to excess. Both pictures are excellent specimens of a school in modern French art which, in contradiction to the prevailing popular notion on the subject, aims exclusively at sincere, pure, and lofty suggestion—grants nothing to sensuous impression, but every thing to thought.

A large still-life piece, by Blaise Desgoffes, is one of the best works of this ingenious painter, and almost the last word in the matter of mechanical finish and optical illusion. It shows, too, a certain barbaric richness of color, and skill in harmony of tone, but has little else to commend it to thoughtful consideration.

Miscellany.

Stage-thunder.

SOME fifty years ago one Lee, manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, with a view to improving the thunder of his stage, ventured upon a return to the Elizabethan system of representing a storm. His enterprise was attended with results at once ludicrous and disastrous. He placed ledges here and there along the back of his stage, and, obtaining a parcel of nine-pound cannon-balls, packed these in a wheelbarrow, which a carpenter was instructed to wheel to and fro over the ledges. The play was "Lear," and the jolting of the heavy barrow, as it was trundled along its uneven path over the hollow stage, and the rumblings and reverberations thus produced counterfeited most effectively the raging of the tempest in the third act. Unfortunately, however, while the king was braving, in front of the scene, the pitiless storm at the back, the carpenter missed his footing, tripped over one of the ledges, and fell down, wheelbarrow, cannon-balls, and all. The stage being on a declivity, the cannon-balls came rolling rapidly and noisily down toward the front, gathering force as they advanced, and, overcoming the feeble resistance offered by the scene, struck it down, passed over its prostrate form, and made their way toward the foot-lights and the fiddlers, amid the amusement and wonder of the audience, and the amazement and alarm of the Lear of the night. As the nine-pounders advanced toward him, and rolled about in all directions, he was compelled to display an activity in avoiding them singularly inappropriate to the age and condition of the character he was personating. He was even said to resemble a dancer achieving the *terpsichorean* feat known as the egg-hornpipe. Presently, too, the musicians became alarmed for the safety of themselves and their instruments, and deemed it advisable to scale the spiked partition which divided them from the pit; for the cannon-balls were upon them, smashing the lamps, and falling heavily into the orchestra. Meantime, exposed to the full gaze of the house, lay prone, beside his empty barrow, the carpenter, the innocent invoker of the storm he had been unable to allay or direct, not at all hurt, but exceedingly frightened and bewildered. After this unlucky experiment, the manager abandoned his wheelbarrow and cannon-balls, and reverted to more received methods of producing stage-storms.

Influence of Tea.

The London *Lancet*, the leading medical paper published in that city, lately had the following on the influence of tea as a beverage:

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"That tea has an influence over the tissues of the body, is now among the things admitted in physiology. This influence is of a conservative nature, and its value to the poor can scarcely be overrated. To them tea is virtually tissue, and makes a supply of food that would otherwise be inadequate to maintain the weight of the body sufficient for that purpose. Doubtless, an unlimited supply of food capable of replacing any amount of effete tissue would be preferable to a substance which simply goes to prevent tissue from becoming effete; but this is impracticable—the unlimited supply of nitrogenous food being a thing that as yet neither Providence nor politicians have given to us. This preservative power of tea over the tissues has not hitherto been explained. Perhaps it may not be altogether unconnected with another influence of tea which we proceed to notice—namely, an influence over the temper, or rather the mood, or, speaking physically after our fashion, over the nerves. Nothing affects the wear of tissue more than mood; and tea has a strange influence over mood—a strange power of changing the look of things, and changing it for the better: so that we can believe, and hope, and do, under the influence of tea, what we should otherwise give up in discouragement or despair—feelings under the influence of which tissues wear rapidly. In the language of the poor, who, in London, we are told, spend an eighth of their income in buying tea, it produces a feeling of comfort. Neither the philosopher nor the philanthropist will despise this property of tea, this power of conferring comfort or removing *ennui*, of promoting those happier feelings of our nature under which we can do most and bear most."

A correspondent, writing from Munich, says:

"I have found Munich a very pleasant home for the past year. In the Royal Library, of a million volumes, are the histories of all our States, and you are allowed to take two books out at a time, and keep them a month. The summer has been so cool that I have been able to work all through the dog-days. With such a delightful climate, and such excellent beer, at two cents a glass, no wonder the Munich folk are the fattest and jolliest in the world."

Foreign Items.

THE little unpleasantness between the sultan and the French ambassador in Turkey, who unceremoniously sat down in the imperial presence, has given rise to the following witty rules for ambassadors in foreign countries, as published in a Paris paper: "Spain.—When received by the King of Spain, do not say to him, on taking your leave, 'I shall have the honor of seeing your majesty to-morrow again, provided you are then still on the throne.' It seems that that vexes the Kings of Spain very much. Italy.—Ask the king if he will allow you to look at his excommunication album. He likes to do that. Russia.—Don't fail to eat the pieces of tallow-candle that may be lying about the room. This attention always makes a favorable impression upon the czar. Austria.—To the Emperor Francis Joseph you must always speak in disparaging terms of Alexander II. of Russia. This produces a magic effect. Germany.—Forget your watch in the emperor's room. He will at once put it in his pocket. That will make him two years younger. Japan.—In case the emperor frowns, take out your pen-

knife and rip your belly open. This will enchant him so much, that he will decorate you with an order."

In Marseilles, recently, a young girl, named Irma Gras, a very handsome brunette, assassinated her lover because he refused to buy her a gold watch. To the general astonishment of the court and audience, the jury acquitted her.

The other day, Julia Ebergonyi, the murderer of the Countess Charinsky, and now a convict in an Austrian state-prison, came near effecting her escape by ascending to the roof of the jail. Upon being recaptured, she fought desperately with the keepers, and wounded two of them dangerously.

The terrible punishment of the bastinado is so often administered in Constantinople with the result of crippling the culprits, that the German ambassador has asked the Turkish Minister of Justice to substitute another penalty.

An investigation as to what German soldier fired the first shot in the Franco-German War, shows that a sergeant of a Prussian cavalry regiment, named Schraux, is entitled to this distinction.

Serpents have recently become so numerous in the presidency of Bombay, and their bites in most cases have proved so venomous, that the governor has offered a heavy reward for their destruction.

The street-railroads are not as popular in the larger cities of the Old World as in this country. It is stated in *L'Economiste* that hardly any of them pay their proprietors any dividends.

The Emperor William of Germany has prolonged the time, during which public gambling is permitted at the watering-places of his empire, for two years.

Gustave Courbet, the famous painter, who, as a member of the Paris Commune, ordered the Vendôme column to be torn down, has become a confirmed hypochondriac, and has entered the famous convent of the Trappists.

The King of Saxony has published eleven sumptuously-printed works, mostly translations from the Italian and Spanish. None of these books paid expenses.

Victor Hugo says that he does not intend to leave Paris, but will continue to take an active part in French politics.

The total loss caused by the immense conflagration of Nijni-Novgorod, in Russia, was seven million rubles.

Varieties.

THE man who loves his joke is generally much liked by his children and his servants, but not always worshipped by his wife. Nothing so exasperates a wife as to see her husband make light of those small domestic miseries over which women fret, because they have often nothing else to occupy their time with; and men addicted to joking are always doing this. If something goes wrong in the house, if a crystal dish be carelessly broken, they can seldom resist the temptation of being funny; and the more lamentable the incident, from the uxorial point of view, so much the more lively will be their jesting.

Senator Sumner's wife has been passing the summer at Venice. Foreign papers speak of her as a highly-attractive woman.

The London *Times*, in connection with the recent attempt to swim across the English Channel, says: "Tradition affirms that, seventy years ago, three men, convicted of a political offence, to escape punishment, swam from Calais to Dover. One was drowned, the other two landed on the beach, one in an utter state of exhaustion, from which he died; the third recovered, and lived for several years." The distance across the channel from Dover to Calais is twenty-two miles, but the current would probably nearly double the distance for a swimmer.

Regrets.—Lean gormandizer: "I say, Jack, do you recollect a certain saddle of four-year-old Welsh mutton we had at Tom Briskett's one Sunday afternoon, about this time last year?"—Fat ditto: "I should think I did!"—(Pause.)—Lean gormandizer: "That was a saddle of mutton, Jack!"—Fat ditto: "Ah! wasn't it!"—(Long pause.)—Lean gormandizer: "I often wish I'd taken another slice of that saddle of mutton, Jack!"

Education.—Squire: "Hobson, they tell me you've taken your boy away from the national school. What's that for?"—Villager: "'Cause the master ain't fit to teach 'un!"—Squire: "Oh, I've heard he's a very good master."—Villager: "Well, all I know is, he wanted to teach my boy to spell 'taters' with a 'P'!"

A magnificent piano-forte has just been sent from London to the Empress of China. The manufacturers, doubtful of the ability of the Celestial lady to play, have thoughtfully added "a grinding apparatus." The tunes chosen are "God save the Queen," the "Miserere," from *Trovatore*, the "Lancers' Quadrille," and the "Marseillaise."

Dusty.—Applicant for place: "What sort of a master is he, and how do you get on together?"—Footman: "A very good master, and we get on well together—we dusts one another's coats."—A. P.: "What do you mean?"—Footman: "Well, the only difference is, I dusts his off his back, and he dusts mine on my back."

The Museum.

THE Via Mala, one of the most picturesque places in the Alps, is a gorge at the entrance of the Splügen Pass. There is ceaseless suspense, wonder, and delight, in crossing the great passes of the Alps. One may avail himself of the passenger-coach, and smoke his cigar while lolling on the cushions of his carriage, as, with some straining of harness and much cracking of whips, he creeps up, and, like Aurora, though at less speed, drives above the clouds. He shares the general triumph of man over Nature when his wheels revolve over a chain of mountains which divert even the birds in their migration. But it is, to our fancy, best to walk, and especially through such a gorge as the Via Mala. Then you can pause, look back, around, and take in the huge features of your course. Then you can dawdle at the turns in the road, lounge on the parapet, and gaze into the torrent which ever skirts your path. Here it is the Baby Rhine, roaring like a lusty child in its cradle, and fighting its early way toward the strength and fame of manhood. Some of the bridges—one at least—straddles some four hundred feet above the stream; and, when you have carried a small slab of rock to the bridge-parapet, and tipped it over, you seem to wait five minutes before you hear the whack with which it falls into the water. It is like the report of a gun. Unromantic by-play this, is it not, amid such grand scenes? However, you will indulge in it if you are there, or get some idle peasant to do it for twopence. And, after all, it won't really spoil the graver sentiment with which you penetrate and remember the gigantic cliffs and shadows of the Via Mala.



THE VIA MALA.

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